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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Narrative of a Journey across the Balaan, by the two Passes of Selimno and Pravadi; also of a Visit to Azani, and other newly discovered Ruins in Asia Minor, in the Years 1829-30. By Major the Hon. George Keppel, F.S.A. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn and Bentley.

DESIRIOUS of witnessing the Turkish war, and forming his own opinion of that contest, Major Keppel resolved to travel to the seat of action in 1829; but the Russian victories anticipated his purpose; and in the month of June, when he set out, he could only proceed to visit the country where the struggle had been, and see its effects as a past history. Journeying through France, Switzerland, and Italy, he embarked at Otranto for Corfu; and thence, taking various parts of Greece in his route, made his way, principally by sea, to Constantinople. After remaining in that city for a while, he pursued his course to Adrianople, and made a circuit including the Balcan, Derbent, Shumla, Bourgas, Chorli, &c. and so back to the Turkish capital. He next performed a tour in Asia Minor, and inspected some fine remains of antiquity, of which an account is given; but we must go through the work in order, and therefore begin with the beginning.

At Naples, the author speaks of a Prussian general and his staff. "He had come round from Berlin, and was going on a special mission to Constantinople from the King of Prussia, to signify the emperor of Russia's desire of peace. This, of course, was before the successes of the great autocrat. I heard of the general at Constantinople, but did not meet him: he arrived there on the 6th of August. He is a corpulent man, rather advanced in years. On his first visit to the Reis Effendy, or Turkish foreign secretary, that minister said to him: 'Well, general, what proposal from the emperor have you to lay before us with regard to peace?' The general replied, that he was merely instructed to assure the Porte that the emperor was pacifically inclined. 'Upon my word, then, general,' rejoined the Reis Effendy, 'I wonder that a man of your age and corpulence should have undertaken so long and fatiguing a journey on so trifling an errand, seeing that we have had the same assurance on the faith of nearly every ambassador.'"

Major Keppel is not only a very intelligent, but a very lively and agreeable companion. He tells his story with admirable ease; and his narrative is altogether so amusing, that the reader is quite carried away by the manner as well as the matter. Interesting information, entertaining anecdotes, and clear description, vary every page, and render these volumes an extremely pleasant contribution to the class of travels. This we are sure will be felt from the extracts which we shall select from many miscellaneous points, without caring to trace the writer from post to post on his journey. The

sitting of the Greek parliament at Argos is a curious picture of a legislature.

"The assembly (says the Major) was sitting when we arrived: they had commenced their deliberations at daylight, and had been called together by the beat of drum. The place of meeting was the ancient theatre, which (excepting those at Sparta and Iania), is the largest in European Greece. A temporary building had been erected, forming a semicircular succession of benches, on the site of the *scena*, and facing the *cavea*. This structure had no roof; but, like the most primitive Greek theatres, was covered in with boughs of trees. The summons to parliament by beat of drum had appeared rather too military for our fastidious notions of free discussion; but a more decisive mark of military interference here met our view. Like many other ancient theatres, this one at Argos is excavated on a hill: on the brow, at the upper benches of the *cavea*, were five pickets of *palikari*, so posted as to be able to fire down upon the assembled senators in case of emergency. There was, however, little chance of their services being required; for, by the wise arrangements of the president, the assembly was disposed to be nearly unanimous in complying with any wish of his excellency. The members present were about two hundred in number, and were for the most part dressed in the Albanian costume, which resembles in so many respects the ancient dress, as always to bring to mind classical recollections; indeed, the whole scene was likely to produce this effect, for the orators spoke in the language nearly Hellenic, and with abuse truly Homeric, the subject being one on which, in every age, this nation has always been most eloquent—the division of spoil. A sum of money had been granted to the troops who had taken a part in the late war, and the present meeting was to decide upon the mode in which it was to be divided; hence arose an animated discussion, in which the inhabitants of Peloponnesus, and other people of Greece, each insisted on their respective claims; and expressions of satisfaction from the one side, and of discontent from the other, assailed each orator in his turn. Amongst the speakers this morning was Colocotroni, once a clamorous patriot, but now a government man, in consideration (as report whispers) of the sum of eighteen thousand dollars. This man has played so conspicuous a part in the late revolution, that I could not help remembering his name, though, if all who had yielded to the silver persuasion of the president were to be enumerated, it would be necessary to go through the list of nearly the whole parliament."

They seem to need a Reform! Off the Trojan shore our countryman dined on board the Russian flag-ship, and he observes:

"The admiral, Monsieur Ricord, spoke very good English, having served six years in our navy, under Captain Parker: thus, of the three senior officers in the Russian squadron, the first, Count Heyden, is a Dutchman, and the two others have been indebted to us for

their education. The squadron in the Black Sea is commanded by an Englishman, Admiral (lately made Count) Greig; and there are no fewer than seven other natives of Great Britain who are Russian admirals on active service, namely, Admiral Greig, son of the commander-in-chief, and (I believe) second in command to him; Admirals Cobley and Baillie, in the Black Sea; and Admirals Hamilton, Crown, Brown, and Chandler, in the Baltic. Admiral Mercer, another Englishman, died lately at Sevastopol. In other departments there are, Sir James Wylie, head of the medical military establishment; Sir William Creighton, physician to the emperor; Dr. Leighton, physician-in-chief to the navy; General Wilson, director of Colpenna iron-works and Alexandersky manufactory; General Forde, chief of the arsenals; and Mr. Venning, superintendent of prisons. To these must be added Captain Sherwood, who discovered the intended mutiny and revolt of 1825, and saved the lives of the present imperial family."

The following anecdote is illustrative of character.

"Near Rodosto, we saw a young soldier mounted on a handsome charger, the reins of which were held by an old Turk with a venerable white beard. They were father and son: the younger man was known to John. His family were rich, and lived near the Asiatic castle of the Dardanelles. John asked him where he had been; he replied, 'Military ardour inspired me with a wish to join my brave comrades in arms; but God's providence put fear into my heart, and so I returned!'"

But we hasten forward to Constantinople, many of the author's remarks on which are extremely interesting.

"A ride round the walls of Constantinople is delightful. They are very curious, and remarkably strong. There are six grand entrances, of which, however, little remains except the general plan of the roads leading to them. They afford superb specimens of antiquity; the ivy grows over them in the most luxuriant manner imaginable. You are shewn the spot where the last Greek emperor fell, and where the town was stormed. Not far from this place are the tombs of the famous rebel Ali Pasha of Iania, and of his sons, who were all beheaded a few years ago. Our peregrination of the day was performed without our encountering the slightest molestation. Since the destruction of the janisaries, no Turk, except in government employ, is allowed to wear arms; and a Frank can go all over Constantinople, not only without danger, but without insult. Crossing one of the streets, we observed the ground smeared with blood. It was the spot where a man had been lately executed: he was one of some thousands who had been put to death a few days before my arrival. As soon as the advance of the Russians had become generally known, the disaffected spirit which had almost lain dormant since the destruction of the janisaries, broke out, not only in European Turkey, but throughout the Afri-

can and Asiatic dominions of the sultan; and the news of revolt and discontent in the remote provinces were received at a time when succours from those very parts were most required. In the beginning of August, several attempts had been made to set fire to Constantinople; and the sultan's best troops, who had been previously destined to reinforce the army opposed in the field against the Russians, were employed in preserving peace in the capital. Desertions from the regular army were numerous; and, as I mentioned before, fifteen hundred men abandoned their colours from the *corps d'armée*, encamped at Bayukdere, and about to be called out on active service. These deserters, together with several irregular troops, committed so many excesses, that the neighbourhood of Constantinople became quite insecure, and travellers could not proceed without an escort. On the 12th of August, the sanjak sheriff, or sacred standard, was taken to Ramas Chiflik, the principal Turkish barrack. Thither also the sultan went, and made it his future residence. A very few days afterwards, a disturbance took place in the barracks, in which thirty lives were lost. Later in the same month, a regular conspiracy was discovered; the objects of which were, to overturn the sultan's government, to re-establish the order of janisaries, to burn the capital, and to retire into Asia Minor. The ramifications of this plot were very extensive. Most of the Asiatics, with the army at Shumla, were implicated. It was discovered by the conspirators having consulted the astrologers to name a propitious day for the accomplishment of their design. Some day late in August was fixed upon for the purpose. In the meanwhile the astrologers were arrested, and on being put to the torture, confessed the whole. I was told by Mustapha, a kavass in the British service, that the next Friday, after the sultan had become acquainted with the conspiracy, he went, with more than usual pomp, to the mosque, and was attended by a large band of music. Returning from prayers, persons implicated in the conspiracy were seized, made to kneel down, and executed on the spot. The first executions took place on board the fleet, the captain pasha putting to death several of his own personal attendants. Soon after, the Nasir of Bayukdere was executed, and his head placed on one of the gates of the seraglio. Subsequently, the sultan devolved the office of crushing the rebellion upon the seraskier pasha, or commander-in-chief of the army; a man of about seventy-six years of age, and a great favourite with his sublime highness. This man adopted the expedient which had been acted upon by his imperial master a few years before,—that of extermination. From four to five persons a-day were beheaded and exposed in the streets; and from fifty to a hundred were every night strangled, and their bodies thrown into the Bosphorus, at the seven towers. From three to four thousand persons were put to death. The bodies exposed in the street were seen by the English travellers who were in Constantinople at the time. Lord Dunlop told me, that amongst the corpses, he stumbled upon that of a coffee-house keeper, whose house he had once been in. It was suspected of being the rendezvous of the disaffected: it had been rased to the ground, and its owner beheaded. On another occasion, he came to the spot where a fine athletic young man had been put to death a few minutes before. The head, which had been very awkwardly severed, was placed, according to custom, under the arm. Near the body was the unhappy widow of the deceased,

the only person who dared to shew any sympathy in his fate. Other persons either passed on, or stopped for a moment to read the *yafia*, or sentence of death. Mr. Slade, a lieutenant in the navy, was accidentally present at an execution, which took place on the 5th of September, two days before I came to Constantinople. He was entering from the fish-market, which terminates with the custom-house, and about to turn in that direction, when he remarked a crowd of persons, all looking towards the opposite end of the street. He now perceived a guard of about twenty men advancing towards him. Curious to know what it might mean, he remained where he was, at the crossing of the two streets. When the guard had arrived there, it halted, and the officer made signs to the crowd to fall back, upon which two men advanced from the guard—the executioner and the victim, the latter having his hands tied behind him, the former armed with a *yatagan*. So firm and undaunted was the demeanour of the condemned man, that had not his hands been tied, there was nothing to indicate his unhappy character. With the same unshaken determination, he presently knelt down and submitted his head and neck to be prepared by the executioner for the blow, by removing his turban and cap, and feeling the back of the neck for a good place to strike. When this was done, and the executioner had read over the *yafia* under which he was condemned, he made a short prayer to Mahomet in a loud and firm tone of voice; and turning to the executioner, he said he was ready; upon which, with a single blow of the *yatagan*, the head was severed from the body; it rolled two or three feet, while the trunk, instantly lifeless and prostrate, emitted two copious streams of blood. In the mean time the mob and guard disappeared; the executioner quietly wiped his *yatagan* on the clothes of the deceased, sheathed it, laid the body on its back, the head under the arm, and the *yafia* on the breast. Several Greeks, Armenians, and Jews, were executed at this period. Their bodies are disposed of differently from the Mahometans. They are laid upon their bellies, and instead of the heads being placed under the arms, they are put between the legs. Some women were also put to death; but as the Turk never loses sight of the decorum due to the sex, even after death, their bodies were placed in a horse-hair sack, and in this manner exposed, for the sake of example. I have mentioned the *yafia*, or sentence of death. The following is a translation of one that was taken from the breast of a man executed the 6th of September, and may serve as a specimen of Turkish criminal jurisprudence. It will be observed, that the unfortunate sufferer was put to death because another man addressed seditious language to him. "Achmet, kiaya (chief) of the corporation of merchants dealing in articles of luxury at Constantinople. This wretch obtained, some time ago, through the munificence of his highness, the office of kiaya of this corporation. Instead of shewing gratitude for the manifold benefits he had received; instead of thanking God in the five prayers; instead of praying night and day with his family for his highness and for the Mussulman nation, in remembrance of the favours by which he had hitherto been loaded; instead of attending to his own business; instead of abstaining from criticising business which did not concern him; instead of living quietly, and being more than any other of the like employment attached to government, as his duty and sense of obligation should have

compelled him;—this man not only omitted making any of these reflections, but made use of seditious language, saying that the seraskier pasha, or seraskier capissi, had been torn in pieces; that this and that thing had been done. It is in this manner that he had the audacity to cause to be circulated false intelligence, conduct tending to spread alarm amongst Mahometan people. The fact being alleged, and Achmet being interrogated on the subject, could not deny it. He only maintained that it was not he who had said it, but Abdi, a cavass of the imperial divan, living in the quarter called Feirouz-Aga. Abdi was summoned to appear, who being confronted with Achmet, he also has been unable to deny it. The boldness of their infamous conduct, and of the language they have held on things which did not concern them, proves that these men are ungrateful wretches, traitors who ought to be made to disappear; and it is thus deemed necessary to execute upon them the penal laws, so that good order may be maintained. In consequence, the traitor, Abdi Cavass, has been executed in another place, and the robber, Achmet, has undergone the punishment here, so that he might seem as an example."

"In lounging along the shores of the Bosphorus with Captain Lyons, Mr. Grosvenor, and Mr. Villiers, we came to a village where there were four men hanging. They had been Greeks, in government employ as journeyman bakers, in the marine storehouse. Their crime was murdering one of their companions, having first robbed him of eleven hundred piasters. We were not present at the execution, which had taken place a short time before. Each man was suspended from a separate gallows. The implement of execution was of the rudest description. Three posts of unequal size, as if they had been found by chance on the spot, had been placed on, not in the ground, and meeting at the top, formed a triangle like that from which weights are suspended in England. The rope by which the culprit was hanging was rove through a ring at the top of the triangle, and twisted in a slovenly manner round one of the posts. The perpendicular of the triangle was seven feet, and the criminals were hanging so low that their feet were within a few inches of the ground; so that when we approached, we found ourselves face to face with the bodies. Their appearance was different from what I had expected; the countenances were tranquil, and, except a slight protrusion of the tongue between the teeth, there was no distortion in the features. The eyes of one of the bodies were open, and we could almost imagine that they were regarding us. The countenance of this man was not bad, while that of the corpse beside him was the vilest I ever remember to have seen. Over each body a sentry was placed, who willingly answered every question that was put to him respecting the culprits. We were told that the bodies would be exposed for two days, and then thrown into the Bosphorus. The mode in which they are hanged is, by one man pulling the rope, while another clings with his whole weight to the body until life is extinct."

Having engaged Lord Dunlop as a fellow-traveller, Major K. departed for Adrianople, to be guided by circumstances as to their future route, as peace had not yet been ratified, and much uncertainty prevailed.

But at Adrianople we also must rest.

Oxford: a Poem. By Robert Montgomery, of Linc. Coll. Oxon., author of the "Omnipresence of the Deity," "Satan," &c. Post 8vo. pp. 258. London, 1831, Whittaker and Co.; Edinburgh, Blackwood.

We have paused upon this volume, for we felt great reluctance to throw a shadow upon the youthful talent whence it has sprung; but upon giving it our best consideration, we are bound by truth to say that we do not think it worthy of the author. There is a mediocrity running through the whole, which shews that the subject rarely or never touched the imagination of the writer; and there are a number of faults not redeemed by a like number of the wonted merits which have hitherto not only excited hopes, but displayed existing genius, in Mr. Montgomery's compositions. As an accession to his fame, therefore, we hold *Oxford* to be a failure; though it exhibits a mind yearning after the good and great, and teaches us to esteem the individual, while we regret to withhold our praise from the poet.

Having thus candidly stated our opinion, it is due to an author who has fairly won so much of public attention and admiration, as well as to our readers and ourselves, briefly to support it by a few remarks and quotations. In a general point of view, the poem is obnoxious to criticism—for its iteration of the same ideas, for its blemishes in structure and style, for its invention of new words and misapplication of epithets, for its offences against taste, for its carelessness, and for its egotism. These are grave charges; but we are sorry to say, a perusal of the work must substantiate them all.

With regard to the constant iteration of the same ideas, it is only necessary to refer, in proof, to the repetition of the thoughts on mind, on mental qualities, and on intellect, which are really harped upon till we are fatigued with the strain. The *grand* and *grandeur* form another string, the length and identity of which might be estimated from the recurrence of these words in almost every third page, from the poor opening couplet, throughout the piece.

"What makes the glory of a mighty land,
Her people famous, and her history grand" p. 1.

"In tow'ry dimness, gothic, vast, or grand,
Behold her palaces of learning stand" p. 14.

"While Genius moulded with a master hand
The primal elements of pure and grand." p. 19.

"Left ravish'd piles all desolately grand,
And breath'd a sterner spirit o'er the land." p. 30.

"All Souls, with central tow'rs superbly grand;
But see! the clouds are born,—they break,—expand." p. 34.

"Whate'er of good and glorious, learn'd, or grand,
Delighted ages and adorn'd the land." p. 41.

"Here Sydney dreamt, Marcellus of his land,
Whom poets lov'd, and queens admitted grand." p. 58.

"No scene was glorious, and no object grand,—
But there he worshipp'd an Almighty hand." p. 90.

Such are the rhymes in the first Part; and it would be curious to count all the combinations of grand, grandeur, grandest, grander, grandly, &c. which are to be found in other lines besides these at their terminations.

Of the faults in structure and style, our specimens on different heads will be sufficient testimony, without our going at length into examples. The frequent omission of the articles, the disregard of mood and tense, and, occasionally, obscurity, or rather, perhaps, the absolute want of meaning, generated by these defects, will strike every judge of poetical composition. Take one short instance.

"The sage of England sat in this lone room:
Yet, well may Fancy at you evening fire
Behold him seated; and when moods inspire,

As Sorrow droop'd, or Hope her wings unfurl'd,
His spirit hover through the varied world,
Of life and conduct, fortune, truth, or fate,
His future glory, and his present state."

The verbs here are in fine confusion.

Of new-coined words, we disapprove of reposed, museful, rewardless, mellowingly, &c.; in their places they do not express what the writer intends: and the same remark applies to the epithets and other phrases which occur but too often.—*Es. gr.*

"Then vainly let the pow'rless sophist frown,
To hide one ray of Oxford's fair renown,
Or quote some verse to vindicate his cause,
Of scornful meaning at her mental laws."

What is intended by mental laws—laws of mind?

"With sages whom historic lovers read."

Historic lovers, for lovers of history. Speaking of the late King's visit, Mr. M. says,

"With head uncover'd, royally he smiles,
And every heart that noble face beguiles."

Of Dr. Johnson:

"The dignified and sage,
The noblest honour of a noble age;
Whose mien and manners, though of graceless kind,
Were all apart from his heroic mind."

Now we will venture to say that the author did not use the words "beguiles" and "graceless" according to their common and proper acceptance in the English language. In the following line the word "menial" is also misused; and the whole line itself is a specimen of the alliteration and antithesis which prevail throughout the poem:—

"The mouldy cellar, and the menial stall."

A few pages on, we find the epithet "radiant" given to the tiles of Oxford roofs: but enough of these.

The offences against taste, and the egotism, to which we have alluded, are to be found in an episode about the little literary world of London (page 80 *et seq.*); in several descriptions of the author's young poetical aspirations, superior mental enjoyments, and conflicts with envious critics,—matters which have little to do with Oxford,—but on which we abstain from dilating, and only give a small space to the last of our complaints in samples of carelessness.

"Rush'd on thy fate with desolating sway,
And flung a desert o'er thy darken'd way!"

"All are not fram'd alike: love, hope, and youth,
That guard our age, and glorify our youth."

We trust Mr. M. does not consider these to be justifiable rhymes. Again:

"Truth, taste, and sense, through all he does per-vades,"
is very bad; and,

"But rarely fraught
With something sprung from self-created thought,"

is no better. We annex a passage, without further comment than the italic letter to mark what we think very indifferent, both in taste and expression.

"Which more offends? The bigot who can read
No volume from the dust of ages freed;
Or he who owns no intellectual grace,
But makes a cargo of the human race,
And values man like produce from the ground,—
'Tis hard to say, yet both, alas! are found.
The dark idolater of ancient time,
And nauseous epicure in prose or rhyme,
The musty peasant with an owlish eye,
Who pipes on sleep o'er days gone by—
Oh! still from Oxford be the race remov'd,
And nobler far her gifted scions prove'd,
What soul so vacant, so profoundly dull,
What brain so wither'd in a woful skull,
As his who dungeon'd in the gloom of old,
From all the light of living mind withheld,
Can deem it half an intellectual shame
To glow at Milton's worth, or Shakespeare's name!"

* See also:

"For thus, the spirit on her wing sublime,
Above the reach of earth and roar of time,
In that deep energy may proudly share,
Which pour'd the worlds, and all that form'd there!"

Who hath not smiled at some affected bore
That drives nothing but—the days of yore."

Again:

"To humble world a consecration lend,
That proves for lost renown sublime amend."

The Freshman!

"And now the walk of wonder through the town
In the first flutter of a virgin gown!"

This is ridiculous; and having told that some of the notes are not more to our liking, we shall now conclude with the more grateful task of selecting some of the beauties, which serve to counterbalance these blemishes. We have said that an amiable and virtuous feeling pervades the poem: the following will corroborate the observation:

"Oh! none whose souls have felt a mighty name
Thrill to their centre with its sound of fame;
Whose hearts have warm'd at wisdom, truth, or worth,
And all that makes the heaven we meet on earth,
Can tread the ground by genius often trod,
Nor feel a nature more akin to God!"

"Oh! little think they, how sublimely pure,
In godlike state above the world secure,
That careless nature which they genius call;
In vain the tides of circumstance appeal,—
Though clouds repress, and darkness we detain,
The soul renounces, and is herself again!
Go, ask of ages, what made dungeons bright,
Vile sufferance sweet, and danger a delight,
Created thunders to o'erawe the sky,
Unloos'd storms, and let the whirlwinds fly,
Yea, forced the universe to feel her nod,
And dar'd a while to imitate a God!
'Twas spirit, independently sublime,—
The king of nature, and the Lord of time."

The country curate is sweetly delineated with a brief touch.

"On such, perchance, renown may never beam,
Though oft it glitter'd in some college dream;
But theirs the fame no worldly scenes supply,
Who teach us how to live, and how to die."

"Parochial cares his cultur'd mind employ,
Domestic life, and intellectual joy,
The old man cry,—A blessing on his head!
And angels meet him at the dying bed."

The last exquisite line is applied to Heber. We now cite another fine passage.

"The day is earth, but holy night is heaven!
To her a solitude of soul is given,
Within whose depth, how beautiful to dream,
And fondly be, what others vainly seem!
Oh! 'tis an hour of consecrated night,
For earth's immortals have ador'd the night;
In song or vision yielding up the soul
To the deep grandeur of her still control.
My own lov'd hour! there comes no hour like thee,
No world so glorious as thou form'st for me!
The fever'd ocean of eventful day,
To waveless nothing how it ebbs away!
As oft the chamber, where some haunted page
Renews a poet, or revives a sage
In pensive Athens, or sublimer Rome,
To mental quiet wows the spirit home.
There stillness reigns,—how eloquently deep!
And soundless air, more beautiful than sleep.
Let winter sway,—her dream-like sounds inspire
The billowy murmur of a blissing fire!
The hail-drop, hissing as it melts away
In twinkling gleams of momentary play;
Or wave-like swell of some retracted wind
In dying sadness echo'd o'er the mind,—
But gently ruffle into varied thought
The calm of feeling blissful night has brought.
How eyes the spirit with contented gaze
The chamber mellow'd into social ease,
And smiling walls, where rank'd in solemn rows
The wind volumes of the mind repose!
Thus, well may hours like fairy waters glide,
Till morning glimmers o'er their reckless tide;
While dreams, beyond the realm of day to view,
Around us hover in seraphic hue:
Till nature pines for intellectual rest,—
When hope awakens, and the heart is blest;
Or, from the window reads our wand'ring eye
The starry language of Chaldean sky;
And gathers in that one vast gaze above,
A bright eternity of awe and love!"

This is genuine poetry, and will convince the reader that, in spite of the imperfections of *Oxford*, there is still abundant reason to hope that we shall again meet its author on more congenial ground. And we will augment the evidence.

"There is a shadow round the holy dead;
A mystery, wherein we seem to tread;
As oft their lineaments of life awake,
And sorrowing thoughts their hallow'd semblance take,

What once they dreamt, when mortal nature threw
Phantasmal dimness round their soaring view,
Now all unearth'd, bestial, and free
From toil and tears,—the unscared eye can see:
No more on them, the fateful whirl of things
From joy to gloom, eternal trial brings:
Array'd in light, before the throne they shine,
And fathom mysteries of love divine.
Why tears were shed, why pangs of woe prevailed,
Why goodness mourn'd, and virtue often fall'd,—
No longer now a with'ring shadow throws,
Like that which hovers round the world's repose."

We can only refer to a visit to Blenheim, page 71, as a delightful example of descriptive poetry and goodness of heart; and, by way of variety, will end with a rather animated scene of college dissipation.

"But who can languish through a hideous hour
When heart is dead, and only wine hath pow'r?
That brainless meeting of congenial tools,
Whose highest wisdom is to hate the schools,
Discuss a tandem, or describe a race,
And damn the proctor with a solemn face,
Swear nonsense wit, and intellect a sin,
Loll o'er the wine, and sinfully grin!
Hard is the doom when awkward chance decoys
A moment's homage to their brutal joys.
What fogs of dulness fill the heated room,
Bedimm'd with smoke, and poison'd with perfume,
Where now and then some rattling soul awakes
In oaths of thunder, till the chamber shakes!
Then midnight comes, intoxicating maid,
What heroes more, beneath the table laid!
But, still reserved, to upright posture true,
Behold! how stately are the sterling few:
Soon o'er their sodden nature wine prevails,
Decenters triumph, and the drunkard falls.
As weary tapers at some wondrous rout,
Their strength departed, winking go out,
Each spirit flickers till its light is o'er,
And all is darkness that was drunk before!"

The last line is not very intelligible; but we will save it by another pithy one:

"All men are vain, yet all hate vanity."

There is, however, much sense in concealing vanity; and we rather fear that, with so many enemies as have beset the early career of Montgomery, he will have exposed himself to their malice by the want of this prudent art in the volume before us. He has indeed laid himself very open to them; but yet we trust justice will also be done to his merits by an impartial and generous public.

The Premier. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

THIS is the third novel to which Mr. Canning has lent the magic of a name. In *De Vere* an animated and beautiful sketch was given of the noble feelings, the high and lofty mind, the patriotic energy, of the gifted original. *Sydenham* followed in the same track; and the fine and spirited portrait under the name of Anstruther was one of the most favourable specimens of its youthful author's talents. The present is as poor an imitation as it is a contemptible failure. There is a meagre outline of well-known events, better given, a hundred times, in any daily newspaper; and public men are dragged in to have some common and hearsay edition given of their characters—sketches as entirely without originality as they are without power. Why this should be called the *Premier*, we really wonder: the so-called political part barely fills the third of a volume; the rest is eked by pseudo-literary portraits, in which, calling Mr. A. A. Watts Mr. A. A. Potts (which we gather from a blunder, where the real name is printed in one place instead of the fictitious one!) is the most brilliant effort at wit we can discover; while the remaining pages are filled with a love-story so peculiarly absurd, that we shall give the outline as a curiosity. Caroline Asper is in love with, and loved by, Charles Ardent: with family and fortune equally suitable, there seems not an obstacle in the way of their union. The gentleman, however, desires a little mystery (entirely on the

writer's account), and wishes the engagement to be kept secret: a Mr. Spencer in the meantime makes Caroline an offer, which is approved by her father; and instead of the fair lady candidly avowing that her affections are engaged (we believe that is the phrase proper on such occasions), the parent is kept in complete ignorance, while the lover supposes indifference is his only obstacle, and that time and attention he hopes will vanquish. The day before the marriage, she elopes from home, under the protection of Sir George Ardent, the father of her lover, who is unacquainted with her engagement, but whom she talks and cries into an acquiescence with her plan: strict secrecy is to be preserved towards his wife and daughter, why we cannot understand, except on that author's plea, the "stern necessity" of a little unnecessary embarrassment. They meet in some fields, and Sir George places the fugitive in lodgings with a woman of whom he knows nothing: there she remains a fortnight, while her protector visits her every day, under the name of Mr. Howard. Scandalous insinuations get about, especially in the Sunday papers (a class to which our author seems to have a most special antipathy). Her retreat is discovered; she returns home, and is forgiven. But the most ridiculous part yet remains. Charles Ardent, to veil, as he calls it, "a father's crime," avows to Colonel Asper, (the brother of his Caroline, who visits him to explain,) that he is himself the seducer, nay, writes and signs a paper to that effect. The colonel, instead of explaining, as a word would have done, is bitten with the same mystery-mania as the rest, and affects to challenge Charles. A meeting takes place; but, on the ground, Charles finds his father, and every thing is satisfactorily settled. Unfortunately, this happens at the beginning of the third volume, and, in order to complete the remaining three hundred pages, General Asper takes into his head (to use the writer's own words) "one of the most perverse fancies that ever addled the wholesome thoughts of a human brain." He says he has been imposed upon, and forbids the alliances that were agreed to between the families. Sir George is affronted also. Miss Ardent dies, which brings the elderly gentlemen to their senses; and Charles and Caroline are married at last. What connexion this silly story has with the title of the book, we have not been able to discover. Most of the scenes are, as we have said before, repetitions of the trash of newspapers. The following one is a specimen of the author's original powers: of its grandiloquent absurdity let our readers judge. We should mention that Mr. Cranstoun is travelling with his secretary, and their carriage breaks down.

"Frederick was curiously perplexed at this moment. He could not venture to congratulate Cranstoun upon the vicinity of the Red Lion, for it was beyond the range of his possible conceptions to picture a cabinet minister walking into it for a rest, like a tired pedlar. Added to this, there was the still greater perplexity, would he walk into it? 'Well,' said Cranstoun, taking hold of his secretary's arm, while he supported his steps with a stick in his other hand, 'here is a house.' 'Yes, sir—there is a house,' replied Frederick hesitatingly. 'The Red Lion,' continued Cranstoun, looking at the sign; 'and, upon my word, as spruce and gentlemanly a lion as I would wish to see, with clean nails and a copper-coloured tail.' Frederick laughed; but still thought of the tale which hung at the end of his own reflections—would one of his majesty's minis-

ters call at the Red Lion? and if he did, what would he call for when there? . . . 'By heavens!' exclaimed Frederick to himself, 'we are going to the Red Lion!' and he was at least as much pleased as surprised at the novelty of the thing. . . . The scene that followed, when, the next moment, Mr. Owen Tudor, with a sort of half bow, between a nod and a complete obeisance, still smirking, still rubbing his hands, and advancing a step nearer at each movement of his head, inquired, 'What they would be pleased to take?' might have exercised the pencil of Hogarth in its most inspired touches. Frederick bit his lip violently, to restrain the laugh with which he was bursting. Cranstoun drew his hand across his mouth, and for the first time in his life found himself embarrassed at a reply. Mr. Owen Tudor, with a view to assist them in their choice, recounted volubly the treasures of his cellar. 'I have some prime Herefordshire cider in bottle, and capital perry—capital, I assure you; excellent draught ale, superior stout, and better London porter than is to be got in London itself: I am choice in my spirits, too. You will find the ale very good, gentlemen, if you try it; it is my friend Owen's own brewing; and a purer ale, I'll venture to say, is not to be drunk in this or any other county.' 'Well then,' said Cranstoun, suiting his manner to the occasion, 'let it be ale;' and the landlord departed to obey the order. . . . 'Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?' said Cranstoun in a half-whisper to Frederick; accompanying the words with an indescribable look of arch drollery, as he drew towards him a vacant chair on which he stretched his legs. Frederick could only smile. At no time did the urbane kindness of Cranstoun betray him into familiarity with him; and at the present moment they were so oddly situated that he feared to speak, lest he should cause some awkward embarrassment, especially as there had been no opportunity for Cranstoun to express his own view of their situation."

There is something, to be sure, very much out of the course of nature that a minister and his secretary should stop at a little country inn. But to conclude—a catchpenny title, an uninteresting and ridiculous story, personality without individuality (for truly the portraits require their names to be written under them), inelegance of language, and common-place observation—such is the trash that has been ushered with a prodigious flourish of trumpets into public notice. Mr. Colburn undeniably publishes almost all our best novels: we put it to himself, how he injures the fair fame of those who so richly deserve praise, as well as the general interests of literature, by injudicious and extravagant puffing of works like the present.

Journal of Travels in the Seat of War between Russia and Turkey. By T. B. Armstrong. 8vo. pp. 242. London, 1831. Seguin.

THIS volume comprises a very rapid journey over various countries, written, as the author (who travelled, as we gather, in the useful capacity of a courier) observes, "with little pretensions to elegance or correctness of style." He enjoyed highly, and often describes forcibly, what he saw. After leaving Vienna, the first passage of any interest, much increased by late events, is the following:—

"We had now a splendid and extensive view of Cracow and the surrounding country, with the city conspicuously perched on the rives Vistula before us. We crossed the

bridge of boats; and on the other side of the river were immediately assailed by numbers of Jews, anxious to serve us in exchanging money, or offering horses for hire. We were some time in traversing the very irregular streets of this singular old town. About eight miles from Cracow we arrived at the little village of Wieliczka, celebrated for its salt mines. With permission of the governor, we proceeded next day to a large building in the centre of the village, and entered a small room, where from ten to fifteen men were in attendance, with lighted lamps, to conduct us below. The descent was by winding stairs: the first object that attracted my attention was six horses at work in another machine, dragging up immense blocks of salt; I was told they had not seen daylight for near fifteen years; I found their coats to be as smooth as any English hunters; and they were in as good condition as possible. We visited several chambers cut in the rock; the chapel, in particular, presented a dazzling and singular effect as we approached it with our lamps: the several statues are very well executed, and appear transparent. On the first stage hence, the Vistula winding majestically on our left, through a most delightful country: the villages proved wretched in the extreme, and nothing was to be met with but filth and poverty."

The traveller at last approaches Odessa, over one of the weary steppes of Russia.

"I looked for trees or houses, but found none: the road is according to the fancy of the traveller: it was an ocean of waste. The troops we had passed this morning came to a halt: on inquiring of three officers how long they had been on their route, I was astonished on their answering,—'Eleven weeks, continually.' We next arrived on the ridge of a steppe that continues for fifty versts to Terasopol. Previous to arriving, we witnessed a cloud of locusts: we had to encounter them as they flew over the plain by millions. I took one of them; it measured three inches long, and was two inches broad from the points of the wings. They had devoured every article of vegetation that fell in their way; whole fields of corn were devastated in a few days."

The people of Arabia, whom this scourge still infests, are more fortunate than the natives of the Crimea, inasmuch as they have little verdure to be destroyed, save a few groves of palm. The difference of reception given to these "living clouds" in the two countries is singular enough: the Arabs receive them rather as a blessing—catch them eagerly, fry them in butter, or, in default thereof, eat them almost on the wing, or dry and lay them up as a *bonne bouche*. We remember, one day halting in a stunted group of palms on the banks of the Red Sea, being assailed by these locusts, who dropped from the trees, or came slowly through the hot air, and quietly settled on us, to the great glee of our Arab escort, who, pulling off the wings and heads, devoured them as if they had been so many shrimps. "But the people of these parts," says Mr. Armstrong, "collect with shovels, pans, fire-arms, &c., keeping up a horrible noise, advancing in a line as the locusts retreat, which are thus frequently driven from the lands to seek an asylum in the bosom of the deep."

The author describes an appearance on these endless plains of the same kind as observed in the eastern deserts, though from a different cause. "During the day, I witnessed a curious phenomenon, which frequently takes place on

the steppes of Russia, and is called mirage: the vapour from the earth, acted upon by the power of the sun, rises and appears to take whatever object may be before you: its general appearance is that of a lake, with islands, houses, or trees: it recedes as the traveller advances."

On arriving near Varna, he thus describes the present Emperor of Russia:—"After waiting some time in the court-yard of the palace, I was gratified with a sight of the czar as he entered his carriage. He is a tall, handsome, soldier-like personage, with a fine manly countenance, possessing an air *degagé*. He was dressed in the plainest manner, in a dark green double-breasted frock, with red collar and cuffs—a cap of the same cloth, with red band—and a gray military cloak thrown loosely over him. All eyes were anxiously fixed on him whose appearance was to determine the fate of Varna: he saluted his officers severally in an affable manner."

The evil complained of by almost every traveller, is the unhappy sameness of the modern routes: from Paris to Naples, all is so perfectly familiar, that one knows almost the exact scene, whether of mountain, valley, or waterfall, which each day is to present, nearly as well as the good or bad dinners of the inns. Variety, endless variety, is the order of Mr. A.'s journey.

"The last post," he says, "produced a complete change of scenery; we got into a deep valley, covered with cottages and trees, and watered by a clear stream: how welcome and how cheering, after the dreary parched steppe! At last we came to Simpherpoole: the weekly market held here is really interesting to those who enjoy novelty of costume and odd equipages. Here you will meet the German driving a pair of oxen, with a horse as leader; Tartar carts, drawn by dromedaries; and horsemen covered with Circassian bourkas. I actually saw a French doctor, in ill health, leave the place for Theodosia in a light phaeton, drawn by a pair of immense camels. On the way from Soudak we passed several burial-places of the Tartars, in one of which I noticed several women, covered with white robes, preparing to inter a body."

Another description is equally novel:—"The Georgian or Tartar dwellings are seldom to be found above ground: the top is covered with beams of wood, branches of trees, and, above all, with a coat of earth, which makes it level with the ground. The natives are frequently disturbed, when sitting round the fire, by the leg of some unfortunate cow or camel making its appearance down the chimney; and it is not uncommon for the lambs to fall through, and spoil whatever may happen to be cooking."

On arriving at Erivan, the scenery was of more lofty character: it is a pity that the traveller could not afford more time to the really interesting places he saw; as it is, he makes the best use of his hurried visits.

"I chose a fine clear frosty morning, and enjoyed a sublime view of the great and little Ararat: both the summits were covered with snow: no one, as yet, has succeeded in attaining the top of either. Several extensive glaciers fill up the ravines, immediately under one of which is an hermitage, about half-way down the mountain, which the natives affirm to have been the habitation of Noah after the flood. Lions, bears, hyænas, and rock-snakes, are said to infest this mountain. About 5 p.m. the snow fell so thick as to darken the air: we wandered about the vicinity of the moun-

tains, when we all at once found ourselves on the brink of a precipice, hanging over a roaring torrent. We at last arrived at some ruins, where we mistook a tombstone for a door, and came at length to an old ruined church, full of sheep: we slept in wet clothes on the damp floor."

From Georgia Mr. Armstrong proceeds into Persia, has an audience of the Shah at Tehran, is wearied with the miserable condition of the people, and with fears of the Koords. Among the few fine scenes of this sultry and unpicturesque land is the following.

"At sunset we had a delightful and extensive view of the lake of Ouroomia and the mountains on its left. We arrived at the neat town of Tasse; its environs form a complete garden, irrigation being carried on here, as indeed in most parts of Persia, very successfully. The circumference of the lake of Ouroomia is 250 miles, its length from north to south 90, and breadth 32—the scenery most beautiful. In the centre of this immense lake are several singular-formed islands; and the mountains of Kurdistan bound the prospect. Its waters, we were told, are so salt that no fish can live in it."

To enter Armenia appeared like a passage into a land of promise. If this country is as he represents—and his descriptions bear the stamp of fidelity and truth—it were well for the lovers of travel, now that revolutions make, or soon will make, the continent a forbidden land to them, to turn their steps towards Armenia—a splendid climate, a friendly and often polished people, with here and there a welcome which one could picture rather in the Highlands of Scotland than in those of the Caucasus: let Mr. A. describe:—

"For one hour we were surrounded with snow, and at another travelling through beautiful groves of trees, with the Araxes at some distance below us: in five hours we came to the advanced part of the immense caravan we had met in the morning. On descending, we arrived at a neat village, on the borders of an immense plain, where, on a grassplot in front of their dwellings, we observed a few Mussulmen at their devotions, kneeling silently. We at last arrived at the well-situated city of Arzeroom. I counted thirty minarets and other towers rising from the bosom of this ancient capital of Armenia. Tiles are used for roofing, which gives the buildings a European appearance; and the form of the houses much resembles the Swiss cottages. * * * This morning we travelled seven hours, and are now in the Sheitan Dura (Devil's Valley); and the heaps of stone we sat on during our refreshment were the tombs of victims, they said, who had been murdered by banditti in this terrific pass. The scenery and the images which the tales of our guides conjured up, made it a valley of horror; and we sharpened our pace. But the next day we were surrounded by the grandest scenery on every side—bold and fertile valleys, watered by mountain streams; rich plains of pasture, covered with flowers, emitting the most fragrant perfume; the corn-fields looked green and fresh: while the summits of the lofty mountains were covered with snow, their sides were often clothed with forests. * * *

We next day traversed the most picturesque valley I ever beheld, covered with the summer residences of the neighbouring gentry. On our right were rocky conical mountains of gigantic height—the town of Kara Hissar, or Black Castle, on one of their summits."

The only defect in this goodly land seems to be the want of inns—a lonely caravansary is

but a poor substitute, with bare floors and comfortless walls; and exquisite scenery, when long continued, having a strong tendency to excite the appetite, the recoil from the joys of the imagination to the keen and cruel demands of hunger is extreme. We remember travelling with a countryman in Switzerland, who had no passion for cold and snowy magnificence; wearied utterly also with a long day's progress, it was in vain that the sun was going down in excessive glory on Mont Blanc and its neighbouring glaciers. "Look!" exclaimed one enthusiast, "the purple rays are full on its crest and side, after they have fled from every other peak." "Beautiful!" exclaimed every one except W—, who sat sadly on a bank during the pause. "Purple light, and glaciers, and glory, what are they all at this moment compared to a roast pig, well crisped, laid on the rock before us, and the last ray resting on its back?" Mr. A. thus feelingly speaks of a similar train of feeling:—"An old castle is on the summit of a rocky height. We looked with admiration on the loveliest spot in nature, high amongst the mountains, hid from the noisy world, remote in nature's very bosom, enjoying almost every fruit common in Asia. Soon after, we entered a forest, in which we were beighted, and the rain fell in torrents. Our Tartars at last discovered a village: here we were hospitably received in the house of a gentleman; a good fire blazed in the apartment, and every thing to make us comfortable was provided. What a transition from the majestic pine forests and solitudes! Our host with some friends enjoyed themselves, as we all did. After partaking of a good and plentiful repast, we slept soundly."

One could almost envy a residence in Tokat, famed for its wines. "In approaching it, the roads are for two miles ornamented on each side with gardens, the perfume from which is most delicious, and the nightingale warbling its sweet song, the only sound to be heard in the calm stillness of the night. We next passed the beautiful remains of the once-famed Amasia. The reflection of the moon on the ancient castle was striking. The city is placed amidst an amphitheatre of mountains, and watered by a fine river. At the top of a perpendicular rock are the remains of a noble Genoese castle. In the centre of the city, and close on the river, is a superb mosque, with a gilded dome and minarets, rising splendidly from amidst the remains of Genoese art. Quantities of mills are seen on the banks of the river, throwing water into the gardens which surround the town."

Whatever faults of style, and they are very many, attach to Mr. A. as a writer, he has had the good sense to produce his travels in a plain and unassuming form. His volume has much interest: had he tarried longer on the way, and not neglected every moment lost in which he was not *en route*, or possessed a more able and elegant pen, few journeys of the day would have been so attractive.

Beechey's Voyage to the Pacific.

[Second Notice.]

FROM Gambier's Islands, Captain Beechey pursued his course, and examined a number of the eastern Polynesian Islands, with which the Pacific is studded, and of which many, no doubt, yet remain to be discovered, as they are indeed discovered by every vessel which shapes a new track through that immense ocean. At the close, he tells us:—

"Of the thirty-two islands which have thus been visited in succession, only twelve are in-

habited, including Pitcairn Island; and the amount of the population altogether cannot possibly exceed three thousand one hundred souls; of which one thousand belong to the Gambier group, and twelve hundred and sixty to Easter Island, leaving eight hundred and forty persons only to occupy the other thirty islands. All the natives apparently profess the same religion; all speak the same language, and are in all essential points the same people. There is a great diversity of features and complexion between those inhabiting the volcanic islands and the natives of the coral formations, the former being a taller and fairer race. This change may be attributed to a difference of food, habits, and comfort; the one having to seek a daily subsistence upon the reefs, exposed to a burning sun and to the painful glare of a white coral beach, while the other enjoys plentifully the spontaneous produce of the earth, reposes beneath the genial shade of palm or bread-fruit groves, and passes a life of comparative ease and luxury. It has hitherto been a matter of conjecture how these islands, so remote from both great continents, have received their aborigines. The intimate connexion between the language, worship, manners, customs, and traditions, of the people who dwell upon them, and those of the Malays and other inhabitants of the great islands to the westward, leaves no doubt of frequent emigrations from thence; and we naturally look to those countries as the source from which they have sprung. The difficulty, however, instantly presents itself of proceeding so vast a distance in opposition to the prevailing wind and current, without vessels better equipped than those which are in possession of those people. This objection is so powerful in the minds of some authors, that they have had recourse to the circuitous route through Tartary, across Beering's Strait, and over the American continent, to bring them to a situation whence they might be drifted by the ordinary course of the winds to the lands in question. But had this been the case, a more intimate resemblance would surely be found to exist between the American Indians and the natives of Polynesia."

In our opinion, but we put it with great diffidence, the Polynesian Islands have been peopled both from the Asian and American continents—the nearest to each, from each. If we are rightly informed, there is a marked difference in the physical form, features, hair, &c., between the natives of the islands nearest America and those nearest Asia, as well as in their habits, costume, rites, and language. But the discussion of this question would lead us into too great length; and we rather quote a canoe adventure of much interest, which will shew how accident might contribute to the peopling of island after island. At Byam Martin Island, 600 miles from Otaheite, Captain B. found forty persons, who had been driven thither by storm and stress of weather, and brought one of them, named Tuwarri, off with him, to carry the news home.

"Tuwarri was a native of one of the low coral formations discovered by Capt. Cook in his first voyage, called Anas by the natives, but by him named Chain Island, situated about three hundred miles to the eastward of Otaheite, to which it is tributary. About the period of the commencement of his misfortunes, old Pomarree, the king of Otaheite, died, and was succeeded by his son, then a child. On the accession of this boy, several chiefs and commoners of Chain Island, among whom was Tuwarri, planned a voyage to Otaheite, to pay

a visit of ceremony and of homage to their new sovereign. The only conveyance these people could command was double canoes, three of which, of the largest class, were prepared for the occasion. To us, accustomed to navigate the seas in ships of many tons burthen, provided with a compass and the necessary instruments to determine our position,—a canoe with only the stars for her guidance, and destined to a place whose situation could be at the best but approximately known, appears so frail and uncertain a conveyance, that we may wonder how any persons could be found sufficiently resolute to hazard the undertaking. They knew, however, that similar voyages had been successfully performed, not only to mountainous islands to leeward, but to some that were scarcely six feet above the water, and were situated in the opposite direction; and as no ill omens attended the present undertaking, no unusual fears were entertained. The canoes being accordingly prepared, and duly furnished with all that was considered necessary, the persons intending to proceed on this expedition were embarked, amounting in all to a hundred and fifty souls. What was the arrangement of the other two canoes is unknown to us; but in Tuwarri's there were twenty-three men, fifteen women, and ten children, and a supply of water and provision calculated to last three weeks. On the day of departure all the natives assembled upon the beach to take leave of our adventurers; the canoes were placed with scrupulous exactness in the supposed direction, which was indicated by certain marks upon the land, and then launched into the sea, amidst the good wishes and adieus of their countrymen. With a fair wind and full sail they glided rapidly over the space, without a thought of the possibility of the miseries to which they were afterwards exposed. It happened, unfortunately, that the monsoon that year began earlier than was expected, and blew with great violence; two days were, notwithstanding, passed under favourable circumstances, and the adventurers began to look for the high land of Maitea, an island between Chain Island and Otaheite, and to anticipate the pleasures which the successful termination of their voyage would afford them; when their progress was delayed by a calm, the precursor of a storm, which rose suddenly from an unfavourable quarter, dispersed the canoes, and drove them away before it. In this manner they drifted for several days; but on the return of fine weather, having a fortnight's provision remaining, they again resolutely sought their destination; but a second gale drove them still further back than the first, and lasted so long, that they became exhausted. Thus many days were past; their distance from home hourly increasing: the sea continually washing over the canoe, to the great discomfiture of the women and children; and their store of provision dwindled to the last extremity. A long calm, and, what was to them even worse, hot dry weather, succeeded the tempest, and drove them to a state of despair. From the description, we may imagine their canoe alone and becalmed on the ocean; the crew, perishing with thirst, beneath the fierce glare of a tropical sun, hanging exhausted over their paddles; children looking to their parents for support, and mothers deploring their inability to afford them assistance. Every means of quenching their thirst were resorted to; some drank the sea-water, and others bathed in it, or poured it over their heads; but the absence of fresh water in the torrid zone cannot be

compensated by such substitutes. Day after day, those who were able extended their gounds to heaven in supplication for rain, and repeated their prayers—but in vain; the fleecy cloud floating high in the air indicated only an extension of their suffering: distress in its most aggravated form had at length reached its height, and seventeen persons fell victims to its horrors. The situation of those who remained may readily be imagined, though their fate would never have been known to us, had not Providence at this critical moment wrought a change in their favour. The sky, which for some time had been perfectly serene, assumed an aspect which at any other period would have filled our sufferers with apprehension; but, on the present occasion, the tropical storm, as it approached, was hailed with thankfulness, and welcomed as their deliverer. All who were able came upon the deck with blankets, gourds, and cocoa-nut shells, and extended them toward the black cloud, as it approached, pouring down torrents of rain, of which every drop was of incalculable value to the sufferers; they drank copiously and thankfully, and filled every vessel with the precious element. Thus recruited, hope revived; but the absence of food again plunged them into the deepest despair. We need not relate the dreadful alternative to which they had recourse until several large sharks rose to the surface and followed the canoe; Tuwarri, by breaking off the head of an iron scraper, formed it into a hook, and succeeding in catching one of them, which was instantly substituted for the revolting banquet which had hitherto sustained life. Thus refreshed, they again worked at their paddles or spread their sail, and were not long before their exertions were repaid with the joyful sight of land, on which clusters of cocoa-nuts crowned the heads of several tufts of palm-trees: they hurried through the surf, and soon reached the much-wished-for spot, but being too feeble to ascend the lofty trees, were obliged to fell one of them with an axe. On traversing the island to which Providence had thus conducted them, they discovered by several canoes in the lagoon, and pathways intersecting the woods, that it had been previously inhabited; and knowing the greater part of the natives of the low islands to be cannibals, they determined to remain no longer upon it than was absolutely necessary to recruit their strength, imagining that the islanders, when they did return, would not rest satisfied with merely dispossessing them of their asylum. It was necessary, while they were allowed to remain, to seek shelter from the weather, and to exert themselves in procuring a supply of provision for their further voyage; huts were consequently built, pools dug for water, and three canoes added to those which were found in the lake. Their situation by these means was rendered tolerably comfortable, and they not only provided themselves with necessities sufficient for daily consumption, but were able to dry and lay by a considerable quantity of fish for sea stock. After a time, finding themselves undisturbed, they gained confidence, and deferred their departure till thirteen months had elapsed from the time of their landing. At the expiration of which period, being in good bodily health and supplied with necessities for their voyage, they again launched upon the ocean in quest of home. They steered two days and nights to the north west, and then fell in with a small island, upon which, as it appeared to be uninhabited, they landed, and remained three days, and then resumed their voyage. After a run of a day and a night

they came in sight of another uninhabited island. In their attempt to land upon it, their canoe was unfortunately stove, but all the party got safe on shore. The damage which the vessel had sustained requiring several weeks to repair, they established themselves upon this island, and again commenced storing up provision for their voyage. Eight months had already passed in these occupations, when we unexpectedly found them thus encamped upon Byam Martin Island, with their canoe repaired, and all the necessary stores provided for their next expedition. The other two canoes were never heard of."

Capt. B. having landed Tuwarri on Chain Island, sailed to Bow Island, of which his account is curious.

"The natives were in appearance the most indolent ill-looking race we had yet seen; broad flat noses, dull sunken eyes, thick lips, mouths turned down at the corners, strongly wrinkled countenances, and long bushy hair matted with dirt and vermin. Their stature was above the middle size, but generally crooked; their limbs bony, their muscles flaccid, and their only covering a maro. But hideous as the men were, their revolting appearance was surpassed by the opposite sex of the same age. The males were all lolling against the cocoa-nut trees, with their arms round each others' necks, enjoying the refreshing shade of a thick foliage of palm-trees; while the women, old and young, were labouring hard in the sun, in the service of their masters, for they did not merit the name of husbands. The children, quite naked, were placed upon mats, crying and rolling to and fro, to displace some of the myriads of house-flies, which so speckled their bodies that their real colour was scarcely discernible."

"On questioning the chief, he acknowledged himself to have been present at several feasts of human bodies, and on expatiating on the excellence of the food, particularly when it was that of a female, his brutal countenance became flushed with a horrible expression of animation. Their enemies, those slain in battle, or those who die violent deaths, and murderers, were, he said, the only subjects selected for these feasts: the latter, whether justified or not, were put to death, and eaten alike with their victims. They have still a great partiality for raw food, which is but one remove from cannibalism; and when a canoe full of fish was brought one day to the village, the men, before it could be drawn to the shore, fell upon its contents, and devoured every part of the fish except the bones and fins. The women, whose business it was to unload the boat, did the best they could with one of them between their teeth, while their hands were employed portioning the contents of the canoe into small heaps. But even in this repast we were glad to observe some indication of feeling by their putting the animal speedily out of torture by biting its head in two, the only proof of humanity which they manifested. In like manner, cleanliness was not overlooked by them, for they carefully rinsed their mouths after the disgusting meal. It appeared that the chief had three wives, and that polygamy was permitted to an unlimited extent; any man of the community, we were told, might put away his wife whenever it is his pleasure to do so, and take another, provided she were disengaged. No ceremony takes place at the wedding; it being sufficient for a man to say to a woman, 'You shall be my wife;' and she becomes so. The offspring of these unions seem to be the objects of the only feelings of

affection the male sex possess, as there was certainly none bestowed on the women. Indeed the situation of the females is much to be pitied: in no part of the world, probably, are they treated more brutally. While their husbands are indulging their lethargic disposition under the shade of the cocoa-nut trees, making no effort toward their own support, beyond that of eating when their food is placed before them, the women are sent to the reefs to wade over the sharp-pointed coral in search of shell-fish, or to the woods to collect pandanus-nuts. We have seen them going out at daylight on these pursuits, and returning quite fatigued with their morning toil. In this state, instead of enjoying a little repose on reaching their home, they are engaged in the laborious occupation of preparing what they have gathered for their hungry masters, who, immediately the nuts are placed before them, stay their appetites by extracting the pulpy substance contained in the outside woody fibres of the fruit, and throw the remainder to their wives, who further extract what is left of the pulp for their own share, and proceed to extricate the contents of the interior, consisting of four or five small kernels about the size of an almond. To perform this operation, the nut is placed upon a flat stone edwise, and with a block of coral, as large as the strength of the women will enable them to lift, is split in pieces, and the contents again put aside for their husbands. As it requires a considerable number of these small nuts to satisfy the appetites of their hungry masters, the time of the women is wholly passed upon their knees pounding nuts, or upon the sharp coral collecting shells and sea-eggs. On some occasions the nuts are baked in the ground, which gives them a more agreeable flavour, and facilitates the extraction of the pulp; it does not, however, diminish the labour of the females, who have in either case to bruise the fibres to procure the smaller nuts. The superiority of sex was never more rigidly enforced than among these barbarians, nor were the male part of the human species ever more despicable. On one occasion, an unfortunate woman who was pounding some of these nuts, which she had walked a great distance to gather, thinking herself unobserved, ate two or three of the kernels as she extracted them; but this did not escape the vigilance of her brutal husband, who instantly rose and felled her to the ground in the most inhuman manner with three violent blows of his fist. Thus tyrannised over, debased, neglected by the male sex, and strangers to social affection, it is no wonder all those qualities which in civilised countries constitute the fascination of woman, are in these people wholly wanting."

[To be concluded in our next.]

Col. Napier's War in the Peninsula.

(Second notice: Conclusion.)

INDEPENDENTLY of the military incidents, on which the author is so delightfully diffuse, his volumes have a further claim to attention, inasmuch as they furnish many authentic illustrations of the habitual public bearing and temper of the Duke of Wellington, tending to confirm us in our opinion of the confined direction and limited application of his high powers of mind. Military chiefs have, with few exceptions, made but indifferent statesmen; and never, perhaps, popular ones in a country blessed with free institutions. The boy's first lesson, on obtaining his colours, is to learn submission to the arbitrary will of those above him, and to require the like from those beneath; the pride of this petty sway compen-

sates for a time the harsh away of superiors; but, shortly, sated with the novelty of the first toy, he pants for nobler game, and aspires to climb ambition's ladder: every step he mounts, he gains fresh confidence. The constant habits of command, and the frequency of sole responsibility, render him often dogmatical in opinion, and a foe to genius, unless mingled with subservience—martial law, of which he becomes a dispenser, is regarded as the most perfect of practical codes—in correspondence he is dictatorial—in society his manners are agreeable, though frequently approaching to brusquerie—in argument his opinions are delivered as axioms—and his mind becomes as it were dyed with the despotic nature of his calling.

The Duke of Wellington is, perhaps, the readiest example we have at hand: much of his early career was spent amid the "trampled fields of Indostan," at a period when a thirst for conquest, stimulated by the hope of booty, was a principle prevailing with but too many; the daily facility with which almost countless hosts were overthrown, and extensive territories acquired, by the disciplined few, must have caused him to look upon his profession as the all-important one, and have attracted to it all the energies of his youthful mind. The influence thus gained was never chilled by ill success; but being continually fostered by fortune, it became the ruling principle. His letters at various epochs, whether on the subject of the East, or addressed to the Portuguese Regency, are all in a like arbitrary tone of command; every where bespeaking the consummate soldier, yet affording but little indication of the future statesman. The power of force is admirably developed; but we look in vain for the peaceful charm of persuasion. Moreover, we here behold him with the reins of government in his hands. His first step was to disembarass himself from the inconvenience of having men about him who had any genius either to suggest, or independence to disapprove. Many influential departments were filled with his military subordinates, whose devotion to their chief was as unbounded as their confidence was unlimited—the usages of the camp became those of the cabinet—all things were regarded through a military *coup-d'œil*—and the elements of strategy and simulation were arrayed, to veil from his adversaries the general's intended movements in the political combat. But this could not last. The sequel is too well known for us to continue; and we therefore gladly quit the field of politics, for other scenes, where the gallant author has already reaped glorious honour; and which have still rewards, we trust, in store for him of a more substantial nature. We cull from the garland of brilliant exploits, achieved by the dashing light division, and its chivalric commander Crawford, the following vivid description of the combat of the Coa.

"Crawford's whole force under arms consisted of four thousand infantry, eleven hundred cavalry, and six guns; and his position, one mile and a half in length, extended in an oblique line towards the Coa. The cavalry piquets were upon the plain in his front, his right on some broken ground, and his left, resting on an unfinished tower, eight hundred yards from Almeida, was defended by the guns of that fortress; but his back was on the edge of the ravine forming the channel of the Coa, and the bridge was more than a mile distant, in the bottom of the chasm. A stormy night ushered in the 24th of July. The troops, drenched with rain, were under arms before day-light, expecting to retire, when a few

pistol-shots in front, followed by an order for the cavalry reserves and the guns to advance, gave notice of the enemy's approach; and as the morning cleared, twenty-four thousand French infantry, five thousand cavalry, and thirty pieces of artillery, were observed marching beyond the Turones. The British line was immediately contracted and brought under the edge of the ravine; but meanwhile Ney, who had observed Crawford's false disposition, came down with the stoop of an eagle. Four thousand horsemen and a powerful artillery swept the plain. The allied cavalry gave back, and Loison's division coming up at a charging pace, made towards the centre and left of the position. While the French were thus pouring onward, several ill-judged changes were made on the English side, part of the troops were advanced, others drawn back, and the forty-third most unaccountably placed within an enclosure of solid masonry, at least ten feet high, situated on the left of the road with but one narrow outlet about half-musket shot down the ravine. While thus imprisoned, the firing in front redoubled, the cavalry, the artillery, and the *cadadores*, successively passed by in retreat, and the sharp clang of the ninety-fifth rifle was heard along the edge of the plain above. A few moments later, and the forty-third would have been surrounded; but that here, as in every other part of this field, the quickness and knowledge of the battalion officers remedied the faults of the general. One minute sufficed to loosen some large stones, a powerful effort burst the enclosure, and the regiment, reformed in column of companies, was the next instant up with the riflemen: there was no room to array the line, no time for anything but battle, every captain carried off his company as an independent body, and joining as he could with the ninety-fifth or fifty-second, the whole presented a mass of skirmishers, acting in small parties and under no regular command; yet each confident in the courage and discipline of those on his right and left, and all regulating their movements by a common discretion, and keeping together with surprising vigour. It is unnecessary to describe the first burst of French soldiers. It is well known with what gallantry the officers lead, with what vehemence the troops follow, and with what a storm of fire they waste a field of battle. At this moment, with the advantage of ground and numbers, they were breaking over the edge of the ravine, their guns ranged along the summit, played hotly with grape; and their hussars, galloping over the glacis of Almeida, poured down the road, sabring every thing in their way. Ney, desirous that Montbrun should follow this movement with the whole of the French cavalry, and so cut off the troops from the bridge, sent five officers in succession to urge him on; and so mixed were friends and enemies at the moment, that only a few guns of the fortress durst open, and no courage could have availed against such overwhelming numbers. But Montbrun enjoyed an independent command, and, as the attack was made without Massena's knowledge, he would not stir. Then the British regiments, with singular intelligence and discipline, extricated themselves from their perilous situation. For falling back slowly, and yet stopping and fighting whenever opportunity offered, they made their way through a rugged country tangled with vineyards, in despite of their enemies, who were so fierce and eager, that even the horsemen rode in amongst the enclosures, striking at the soldiers as they mounted the walls or scrambled over the rocks. As

the retreating troops approached the river, they came upon a more open space; but the left wing being harder pressed, and having the shortest distance, arrived while the bridge was still crowded and some of the right wing distant. Major M'Leod, of the forty-third, seeing this, rallied four companies on a hill just in front of the passage, and was immediately joined by a party of the ninety-fifth; and at the same time, two other companies were posted by brigade-major Rowan, on another hill flanking the road; these posts were thus maintained until the enemy, gathering in great numbers, made a second burst, when the companies fell back. At this moment the right wing of the fifty-second was seen marching towards the bridge, which was still crowded with the passing troops. M'Leod, a very young man, but with a natural genius for war, immediately turned his horse round, called to the troops to follow, and, taking off his cap, rode with a shout towards the enemy. The suddenness of the thing, and the distinguished action of the man, produced the effect he designed; a mob of soldiers rushed after him, cheering and charging as if a whole army had been at their backs; and the enemy's skirmishers, astonished at this unexpected movement, stopped short. Before they could recover from their surprise, the fifty-second crossed the river; and M'Leod, following at full speed, gained the other side also without a disaster. As the regiments passed the bridge, they planted themselves in loose order on the side of the mountain. The artillery drew up on the summit, and the cavalry were disposed in parties on the roads to the right, because two miles higher up the stream there were fords, and beyond them the bridge of Castello Bom; and it was to be apprehended that, while the sixth corps was in front, the reserves, and a division of the eighth corps, then on the Agueda, might pass at those places and get between the division and Celerico. The river was, however, rising fast from the rains, and it was impossible to retreat farther. The French skirmishers, swarming on the right bank, opened a biting fire, which was returned as bitterly; the artillery on both sides played across the ravine—the sounds were repeated by numberless echoes; and the smoke, rising slowly, resolved itself into an immense arch, spanning the whole chasm, and sparkling with the whirling fuzes of the flying shells. The enemy gathered fast and thickly; his columns were discovered forming behind the high rocks, and a dragoon was seen to try the depth of the stream above; but two shots from the fifty-second killed horse and man; and the carcasses, floating between the hostile bands, shewed that the river was impassable. The monotonous tones of a French drum were then heard; and in another instant the head of a noble column was at the long narrow bridge. A drummer and an officer in a splendid uniform leaped forward together, and the whole rushed on with loud cries. The depth of the ravine at first deceived the soldiers' aim, and two-thirds of the passage was won ere an English shot had brought down an enemy; yet a few paces onwards the line of death was traced, and the whole of the leading French section fell as one man! Still the gallant column pressed forward—but no foot could pass that terrible line; the killed and wounded rolled together, until the heap rose nearly even with the parapet, and the living mass behind melted away, rather than gave back. The shouts of the British now rose loudly—but they were confidently answered; and, in half

an hour, a second column, more numerous than the first, again crowded the bridge. This time, however, the range was better judged; and ere half the distance was won, the multitude was again torn, shattered, dispersed, and slain; ten or twelve men only succeeded in crossing, and took shelter under the rocks at the brink of the river. The skirmishing was renewed; and a French surgeon coming down to the very foot of the bridge, waved his handkerchief, and commenced dressing the wounded under the hottest fire: nor was his appeal unheeded; every musket turned from him, although his still undaunted countrymen were preparing for a third attempt. The impossibility of forcing the passage was, however, become too apparent; and this last effort, made with feeble numbers and less energy, failed almost as soon as it commenced. Nevertheless, the combat was unnecessarily continued—by the French, as a point of honour, to cover the escape of those who had passed the bridge;—by the English, from ignorance of their object.*

After noticing some other particulars, the arrival of General Picton alone from Pinhel, and his refusal to bring up the third division, the author adds: "Picton and Crawford were, however, not formed by nature to act cordially together. The stern countenance, robust frame, saturnine complexion, caustic speech, and austere demeanour of the first, promised little sympathy with the short, thick figure, dark flashing eyes, quick movements, and fiery temper of the second; nor, indeed, did they often meet without a quarrel. Nevertheless, they had many points of resemblance in their characters and fortunes. Both were inclined to harshness, and rigid in command; both prone to disobedience, yet exacting entire submission from inferiors; and they were alike ambitious and craving of glory. They both possessed decided military talents; were enterprising and intrepid; yet neither were remarkable for skill in handling troops under fire. This, also, they had in common—that both, after distinguished services, perished in arms, fighting gallantly; and being celebrated as generals of division while living, have, since their death, been injudiciously spoken of, as rivalling their great leader in war."

In conclusion, we have to remark, that the third volume is much superior to the preceding as regards composition: it is plain, precise, and elegant. Among some slight blemishes, we notice a few words, called upon, perhaps by the laws of military conscription, to fill other duties than those for which they were originally intended. The following sentence is an example:—"Previous to the invasion of Portugal, the French, stretching in one great line across the Peninsula, from Cadiz to Gihon, eagerly discussed the remnants of the Spanish armies." Again, speaking of the effect of artillery:—"The besieged replied, at first, sharply; but in a little time stammered in their answers." A better phrase might have been used than to "disseminate troops." There is, likewise, occasionally a resort to classic sources for metaphorical figures, such as "the bed of Procrustes," which distract the attention from the subject, and are like the attempts of the Romans to improve the Greek Doric—totally destructive to the simplicity and manliness of the style.

Nicholas Wood on Rail-Roads. New edition. 8vo. pp. 530. London, 1831. Hurst and Co.

In this the able author has brought up his

treatise to the date of the latest improvements in the nationally important plan for conveying merchandise and passengers by rail-roads. We consider the volume to be one of great general interest; and we hope very soon to see the day when rail-roads, radiating from London in every direction, shall bring the supplies of the country from at least a circle of fifty miles, so rapidly and so safely to the metropolis, that every kind of product of the farm, the garden, the dairy, &c. &c. shall be sold to the inhabitants at a much lower price, and in a much finer and more natural condition, than at any former period. As we expressed our favourable opinion of the first edition, we need say nothing more of the present.

Egyptian Learning. Memoir of the Life of Thomas Young, M.D. F.R.S. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. circ. 200. London, 1831. J. and A. Arch.

THOUGH this publication contains an excellent sketch of the life of the highly gifted and accomplished Dr. Young, and a complete catalogue of his works, its chief claim to the attention of the learned at home and abroad is the preservation* of the doctor's inquiries into the mysteries of the ancient language of Egypt. An astronomical chronology deduced from Ptolemy and his commentators, the determination of enchorial dates and numbers, and the rudiments of a dictionary with reference to the Coptic, furnish, though as yet very meagre and imperfect, data on which we trust to see very valuable elucidations constructed within a very few years. The series of enchorial dates already enables us to trace the epistolary character of the language from the times preceding the Persian invasion till the conquest of Egypt by the Romans. In the astronomical series (produced from Ptolemy and his commentators, and Africanus' catalogue of the olympiads) the Christian era is, we observe, raised one year higher than the vulgar computation, which occasions the dates before Christ to appear a year too little, and those of the Christian era a year too much—a system likewise adopted by Pingre and other astronomers, but obviously tending to the confusion of chronology. We have only to add, that the few pages which did not undergo Dr. Young's own revision, have been superintended through the press, and the index completed, by the Rev. Mr. Tattam, than whom there is no scholar living more competent to the difficult task.

Lectures on Practical and Medical Surgery; comprising Observations and Reflections on Surgical Education; on the Investigation of Disease, and on the ordinary Duties of the Surgeon: forming part of an extended Course on the Principles and Practice of Surgery, delivered in 1829. Illustrated by engravings. By Thomas Alcock, M.R.C.S., &c. &c. London, 1831. Burgess and Hill.

AMONGST the numerous works on surgery published in this country, there is perhaps none which comprises all, or furnishes precise instruction for every duty which the surgeon is called to perform in the course of active practice. It is true that great or important operations, which are seldom performed, and which are required chiefly in consequence of inattention to, or ignorance of, scientific methods of cure in the early stages of disease, are described and descanted upon with great circumstantiality: but in these works, as well as in courses of

* We ought, perhaps, more strictly, to say republication, for the Enchorial Dictionary was appended to Mr. Tattam's excellent Coptic Grammar.

lectures, the more ordinary and the more useful duties of surgical practice are too generally overlooked, and the students and young practitioners are left to become acquainted with them during the course of their practice; and too frequently under circumstances injurious both to their reputation and to the constitutions of those submitted to their care. In order to remedy these defects in surgical education, as well as to direct the attention of surgical practitioners to various scientific subjects so much neglected; to point out certain important relations subsisting between diseases which appear local, and certain morbid conditions of the whole frame, or of remote and unsuspected parts; and to assist the inexperienced in their endeavours to investigate the origin, nature, and relations of surgical maladies, Mr. Alcock has furnished the profession with this work. These objects are of undoubted importance; and we are enabled to state, that perhaps none in the profession was better fitted, from the nature of his extensive and diversified experience—from the course of his studies and investigations, and the minute and precise character of all his researches—to fulfil them satisfactorily, or in a manner which the state of the medical sciences at the present day should lead us to expect. Mr. Alcock's previous writings had placed him in a conspicuous rank amongst medical authors; but for professional utility, and for general excellence of performance, the present work surpasses his former publications, and deserves to be placed amongst the best which has lately appeared on the nature and treatment of diseases.

Poems, Devotional and Didactic, from the Poetical Works of Bishop Ken. 36mo. pp. 96. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

A PROUS selection from the ponderous posthumous volumes of Bishop Ken, and well worthy of being rescued from the mass by which they have so long been overlaid. A portrait of the worthy bishop adorns this small tome, which is so neat and tiny, that it seems to be the publishing antipodes of his works, as formerly produced. The sentiments throughout breathe a pure Christian spirit.

The Family Library: Dramatic Series. Nos. II. and III. Murray.

A SECOND and third volume of Massinger, with the omission of objectionable passages: of this series we have already expressed our opinion, and have merely to notice the progress of the design.

The Dramatic Works of Robert Greene; to which are added, his Poems: with some Account of the Author, and Notes. By the Rev. Alexander Dyce, B.A. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Pickering.

THESE two very beautiful volumes deserve the warmest praise. The editor's industry, and the taste of the publisher, have produced a handsome and complete edition of one of our old dramatic poets, whose works, rare and scattered, have long both wanted and merited to be thus collected.

Lucius Carey: a Novel. By the Author of the "Weird Woman." 4 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Newman and Co.

IT is not fair to judge the common run of novels, meant for the common run of readers, by a reference to first-rate standards. These volumes will pass an hour or so as pleasantly as the generality of their compeers.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MR. AINGER on Mordan's pencil and pen-making apparatus. This beautiful apparatus, from Mr. Mordan's manufactory, in perfect working order, was placed in the theatre; and the progression of the work—cutting the cedar, grooving it, cutting the lead and filling it in, gluing, turning the yet square pencils, and finishing them,—was shewn upon the manufacturing scale, and explained by Mr. Ainger. The apparatus invented by the late Mr. Bramah for cutting pens, was also exhibited in full action, together with Mr. Mordan's apparatus for forming the delicate pieces of lead for his ever-pointed pencils. No description of ours can convey a just idea of the adaptation of these mechanical, and we may add perfect, contrivances, to the end for which they were invented.

In the library was the beautiful mountain-barometer, constructed by Mr. Robinson, of which we gave a description (L. G. p. 153) when it was exhibited at the Royal Society. A small portable transit instrument was also on the table, besides numerous specimens of Newberry's painted table-covers, and other works of art.

ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

FRANCIS BAILY, Esq. in the chair. Two communications were read;—one from Mr. Runker on occultations, the other by Dr. Robinson on irradiation. Several gentlemen were elected into the Society,—others were admitted; after which the meeting resolved itself into a general one, on the subject of the Society's charter. We have neither space nor inclination to give even an outline of the proceedings which followed, and it is satisfactory to know that the advancement of astronomical science does not require we should have either. Discontent was manifested, because (as we understood) Sir James South's name alone was in the charter. The whole proceedings afforded an example of an assembly set by the ears; and we are glad, at least for the present, to abstain from so unpleasant a subject.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

LORD GODERICH, president, in the chair.—The reading of Mr. Lloyd's paper on the Isthmus of Panama was concluded: our analysis of which, however, we regret to find ourselves again compelled to postpone.

Two very important intimations were afterwards read from the chair. 1. It having been suggested to the council, by several members of the Society, that its objects would be materially advanced if committees were formed for the prosecution of particular branches of research, and the council highly approving of this suggestion, resolved, that members who may feel inclined to assist in carrying the plan into effect be invited to communicate with the secretary regarding it. And, 2. That if any of the members present at the ordinary meetings of the Society, wish, after the business of the evening is concluded, to make brief remarks, or put inquiries, respecting the subject of the paper which has been read, or are able to communicate further information regarding it, they are invited by the council to do so, and the meeting will be happy to attend to them.—Both these measures are, we believe, close copies of what has been long practised, and with excellent effect, in the Geological Society. The committees, by bringing the working members of the Society together, have given unity of

purpose to their individual labours; and their *vis à vis* communications with each other at the ordinary meetings, have both disseminated information among the other members, and greatly extended the interest taken by them in the general proceedings of the Society. Three committees were afterwards mentioned as at present more immediately contemplated; but the utmost readiness was at the same time expressed to form others, if members would come forward to suggest and join them. 1. A statistical committee, which should make the vast subject of statistics its especial object, and thus supply, in this country, the place of a statistical society, as established in Paris. 2. A colonial committee, which should direct its attention either to the British colonies alone, or to colonies generally, as might afterwards be agreed on. And, 3. A committee which should take up some one kingdom or province in the world, and compile a complete account of it in every respect, as an example on which others might be afterwards similarly proceeded with. By perseverance, a complete system of geography might be thus attained; and even if the labours of the committee stopped short of this, they would be most valuable as far as they might go; for, by exposing, as they advanced, the blanks which exist in our knowledge even of the countries most familiar to us, they would at once stimulate and direct inquiry in all. It was hinted, that as there are many *questions vesate* regarding our colonies, in which it would be most inexpedient that the Society should interfere, it might be desirable to consider them first only physically; but we did not understand that this was announced as determined on, and, individually, we should rather hope not. There are few points on which our stock of exact information is generally so deficient as the actual and comparative state of our colonial possessions, and hence frequent misrepresentations respecting them, and *questions vesate*, in longum versantes; for the common sense of mankind soon disposes of questions in which the facts are first well ascertained. Perhaps, therefore, nothing would be more useful in these colonial debates than the intervention of a coldly scientific and impartial set of inquirers into facts merely—men who, from the habits of their minds, would probably value the result of their inquiries chiefly as being facts, and who, at all events, would be so pledged by their position, and further controlled by their *co-laborateurs*, that it would be scarcely possible that their reports should be other than serviceable to the cause to which all parties must equally wish success, however their imperfect information may, in the mean time, divide them regarding it—the cause of good administration. All this is, however, by the way. After further transacting its routine business, the meeting adjourned.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON, Esq. President, in the chair. Charles Barclay and Henry Bickersteth, Esqs. were elected fellows, and M. Karl von Hoff a foreign member. The reading of Professor Sedgwick's paper, begun at the last meeting, was concluded. Among the donations laid upon the table, we noticed a collection of rocks from India, presented by the Asiatic Society of Calcutta.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE DUKE OF SUSSEX in the chair.—The President informed the meeting, he had suggested that, where it was necessary, all future

papers should be accompanied with explanatory sketches and drawings. A paper communicated by Mr. Pettigrew, and written by Mr. Wright, on a means of supplying the metropolis with filtered water from the Thames, was read. The author is known to the public as the writer of a little treatise, entitled "The Dolphin," which probably was the chief cause of the parliamentary commission for inquiring into the supply of London, with a view to get rid of the unutterable impurities held in suspension in the water of the Thames. In the present paper he recommends the construction of a filtering chamber below the bed of the river: sand, or sand and charcoal, he thinks the best filtering medium. He goes on to state, that the wells on the banks of the river Thames, many of which there are, receive their supply directly from the river, which oozes its way through a stratum of sand, and thereby becomes perfectly pure. Another paper, by Robert W. Fox, Esq. communicated by Davies Gilbert, Esq., was also read: it was entitled, on the variable intensity of terrestrial magnetism, and the influence of the aurora borealis upon it. Several gentlemen were elected. There were presented, a method of ascertaining the strength of acetic acid by means of its density, founded upon experiments by A. Vander Toorn; yearly report of the progress of science, published by the Royal Academy of Sciences, at Stockholm; and various other scientific works.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. AMYOT in the chair. The members present proceeded to ballot for a proposition made by the council, to print certain Anglo-Saxon remains, when the question was carried. Mr. Ellis exhibited casts of the two sides of a seal attached to a grant to the abbey of St. Mary Bordesley, in Worcestershire. The figure represented on the seal wore the pointed helmet and nose-piece of the time of William the Conqueror. Mr. Knight exhibited a drawing (taken from a very advantageous point of view) shewing both the old and the new London bridges, as they are now standing; accompanied by a letter, stating that it was made as a record of the old structure, and to shew to posterity the striking difference in the construction of the two erections,—the old bridge having originally nineteen arches, the largest span of which was thirty-five feet; the new bridge having but five arches, the largest of which is a hundred and fifty-one feet nine inches in the span. The solids, occupied by the piers and starlings of the old structure previous to the commencement of the new works, was seven hundred feet,—four hundred and seven feet of which was occupied by the piers alone; while in the new structure, the space occupied by the piers is only ninety-two feet. The waterway of the old bridge at low water-mark was two hundred and thirty-one feet only, while that of the new bridge at all times of tide is six hundred and ninety feet. A communication was read from W. Waltham, Esq. of a document containing the account of a baillif of the Duke of Lancaster, of the reign of Richard II., relative to the Savoy Palace and estate, shortly after Wat Tyler's insurrection, in which the palace and its costly furniture were destroyed by the mob; and shewing the price of timber, wages, &c. at that period.

ASSOCIATION FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

ON Tuesday there was another meeting of the friends and subscribers to this project, at which W. A. Mackinnon, Esq. presided. The report

of the provisional committee, and a series of resolutions, were read; from which it appeared, that of the proposed capital of 10,000*l.* in 50*l.* shares, to endow the Association, nearly a third had been subscribed; the deposits upon which would amount to five or six hundred pounds. The Rev. Dr. Savage Wade addressed the meeting, and warmly panegyrised the objects of the Institution, which were to patronise and assist sterling literary merit, destitute of resources, and unable to procure the publication of their works by "the trade." To a question put by Dr. Conolly, it was replied, that an individual was to be "hired" to decide on the merits of the manuscripts offered to the Society; and a permanent managing committee was appointed, with Sir Thomas Gates and Mr. Thomas Campbell as secretaries.

With every respect for the good intentions of the promoters of this plan, we must again observe, that its means are utterly inadequate to its objects, and its machinery quite ludicrous. To be able to effect any really beneficial results, a far different association would be necessary, with much greater funds, in larger shares, and under another sort of management. The sum total would barely cover the expense of two sterling publications; and if they failed to please, where would the Society and its hired Midas be? Not in the *Literary GAZETTE*, certainly. But there is little chance of any productions of intrinsic value being sent into this channel. It will be choked with the pretensions of the mediocre and the bad; of which classes we have already too many performances, even from the shops of the cautious booksellers.

The committee, and its organ too, will soon find, that by every refusal to gratify self-opinion, they have added to the hornet's nest, which at present only buzzes in their praise. If they resist intrigue and patronage, they must then expect the stings of the disappointed; and if they intrigue and favour, they will speedily dissipate the poor fund on which they set out. There is no safe course between this Scylla and Charybdis; even were the details of business, printing, engraving, &c. &c. not enough to sink the adventure. But, in truth, the whole design is hardly worth an argument,—it is a benevolent and silly absurdity, though graced by the names of the Duke of Somerset, the Marquess of Londonderry, Earl Dudley, Sir Gore Ouseley, Sir T. Phillips, Sir G. Duckett, and others, who have entertained the laudable view without reflecting much on the intervening way to its accomplishment.

FINE ARTS.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.

THE preparations for opening this annual exhibition are, we rejoice to say, of a highly gratifying description. No fewer than thirteen hundred works have been received; and they include many of the ablest specimens of English and rising art which have ever adorned these walls.

Apocryph of English art, we have recently seen some exquisite productions in natural history from the pencil of Mrs. Withers. They are executed in water colours; and it seems to us impossible to paint flowers or fruit in a manner more perfectly true and beautiful. In these pictures, the treasures of Flora bloom with perennial life, regardless of the blights of spring or the frosts of winter; and we have great pleasure in recommending so much merit to general notice. Mrs. Withers is also particularly successful in the delineation of animals. Whether for engraving, for the scientific purposes of such

societies as the Linnean, Horticultural, &c., or for elegant tuition, we know of no artist of whose abilities we could speak more favourably than of this lady, whose performances we have noticed in exhibitions and publications, (in the *Pomological Magazine*, for instance); but never having examined them separately and together, not with that marked approbation which they so eminently deserve.

MR. LAURENCE MACDONALD'S EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURE.

WE have paid another visit to Mr. Macdonald's gallery, in Pall Mall, and the result is a confirmation of the opinion of his powers which we originally formed and expressed. He promises to be—or, rather, he already is—one of the most distinguished ornaments of the British school of sculpture. His groups of "Achilles and Thetis," and "Ajax bearing the dead body of Patroclus," exhibit an intimate acquaintance with the highest qualities of heroic art; although we own it struck us that, in the former, a little elongation of the lower extremities would have increased the grace and dignity of the figures. "The supplicating Virgin," and "The youthful Slinger," are exceedingly elegant and beautiful. Mr. Macdonald's busts are full of character; and are executed in a most bold and masterly manner. We are especially delighted with those of Sir John Sinclair, Professor Wilson, and Mr. Charles Kemble. The last-mentioned is as faithful a resemblance, and as fine and energetic a head, as ever was modelled. A bust of Mrs. Brougham (the mother of the Lord Chancellor) is very striking. Another, of Mrs. Nairne, is remarkable for the feminine delicacy and sweetness of its expression.

We must not omit to notice a simple and graceful figure of a boy, by a lady, a pupil of Mr. Macdonald's. It is equally creditable to the master and the scholar.

PAINTING IN WATER-COLOURS.

WE observe, from a prospectus just issued, that a new Society of Painters in Water-colours is projected. The grounds stated are, the great advances made in this very popular branch of art, and the limitation of numbers in the existing Society.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels. Engraved by W. and E. Finden. Part XI. Tilt; Moon, Boys, and Graves; and Andrews.

ANOTHER beautiful part of this beautiful publication. Copley Fielding, Roberts, Nash, and Gastineau, are the four able artists from whose pencils these illustrations have proceeded. The view of *Fast Castle*, in particular, by the first mentioned, completely realises the description in the text: "a wilder or more desolate dwelling it was perhaps difficult to conceive." The view of *York Minster*, by Nash, is also very striking; it truly represents "the most august of temples."

Etchings. By W. Geikie. Nos. I. and II.; Six in each. Edinburgh, Constable; London, Moon, Boys, and Graves.

ALTHOUGH deficient in some of the technicalities of art, which may be easily acquired, these etchings exhibit a quality which cannot be easily acquired; for it is the result of powerful perception and acute observation, and is as rare as it is valuable,—we mean, character. In that respect, some of them, such, for instance, as "The Shoe Stand," "A Street

Auctioneer," "The Brute's Wud!" and "Morning of the Town Fast Day," are admirable. If Mr. Geikie is, as we suppose, a beginner, we predict that he will, by and by, distinguish himself.

Visits of William IV. when Duke of Clarence, as Lord High Admiral, to Portsmouth, in the Year 1827, with Views of the Russian Squadron. By Henry Moses. No. I.

WE have frequently had occasion to notice Mr. Moses' great talents in the delineation of naval subjects. The visit of their present Majesties to Portsmouth, in 1827, has furnished him with materials, of his happy treatment of which the present, being the first of four intended numbers, affords a very pleasing specimen.

Engraved Illustrations of Montgomery's Oxford. By Joseph Skelton, F.S.A., and other Artists. Whittaker and Co.

A DOZEN small but neatly-executed views of the various public edifices, &c. in the beautiful city of Oxford. Interesting to all, they must be peculiarly so to those in whom the contemplation of them is calculated to awaken recollections of youthful days, at once pleasing and melancholy.

Illustrations of the Works of Lord Byron. From Designs by Captain Locke. Colnaghi.

CAPTAIN LOCKE has transfused much of the spirit of the original into fourteen lithographic sketches, of which these illustrations consist. They are preceded by a fine head of Lord Byron, engraved by T. Wright, from a miniature painted by G. Sanders, when the noble poet was twenty-one years of age.

Six Coloured Views of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, with a Plate of the Coaches, Machines, &c. From Drawings made on the spot by Mr. T. T. Bury. Ackermann.

THESE views, slight as they are, give a very good idea of the stupendous work to which they refer. "The Tunnel" and "The Excavation of Olive Mount" are really awful.

Twelve Designs, chiefly intended for transferring upon White Wood, by means of Ackermann's Caustic Varnish. Ackermann.

IF, as we firmly believe, "idleness is the root of all evil," it follows, that whoever invents a new occupation, however trifling in its character, is a public benefactor. To those fair ladies who have not had the opportunity—we will not be so ungallant as to say who have not the talent—to acquire the power of using their own pencils, the means which the ingenious plan for which the above-mentioned designs are chiefly intended will afford of availing themselves of the productions of the pencils of others, will furnish a pleasing amusement. These prints are also very fit subjects of imitation for young students in drawing.

MUSIC.

SOCIETA ARMONICA.

THE third concert was given on Monday to a full and fashionable audience. Much of the performance was instrumental, and beautifully executed; but in the vocal department, Miss Hughes sang with admirable effect, and fully justified the high anticipations we pronounced upon her earliest efforts. She has indeed been rapidly rising to the highest ranks in her profession. Signor David was also rewarded with much deserved applause. The whole went off with *éclat*.

MR. T. PHILLIPS' LECTURES.

On Wednesday we attended the first of Mr. Phillips' course of four lectures on music, at the concert-room of the Royal Academy, and were both instructed and gratified on the occasion. The lecturer laid down the elementary principles necessary to be observed by all who attempt to sing, and explained at length the best system of solfeggio. He applied this system to the distinct enunciation of words, the use of proper emphasis, and the beauty of expression in English singing; and taught how the breath should be managed to enable the vocalist to produce the best effect. All these valuable instructions were enforced by examples, accompanied by the pianoforte; which gave the charm of a concert to what might otherwise have appeared dry as a lesson. Many of Mr. Phillips' melodies were much applauded; and his audience departed highly gratified with his sensible observations and pleasing performance.

CHARITABLE CONCERT.

MR. MONTAGUE BURGOYNE, whose exertions on behalf of the distressed poor have more of the indefatigable energy of youth than of his advanced years, has set on foot a concert for the relief of the unemployed poor of the metropolis. It is, we are informed, to take place on Tuesday, under high female patronage, and several eminent performers have volunteered their services gratuitously in aid of this benevolent object. If we may judge from the number of mendicants who infest the streets, there never was a time when efforts of this description were more imperatively called for; and we are glad to see the example set by a gentleman who has done so much to improve the condition of the lower orders in the country by introducing the cottage and ground-allotment system.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

MR. MACREADY, in *Macbeth* on Monday, and in the *Stranger* on Tuesday, well sustained the highest character of the living drama; and fully justified every encomium it has been our good fortune to bestow upon him since his career began. We always felt certain, that the entire public world, with opportunities of fairly estimating his great talents, be of our opinion. Both plays were, otherwise, cast in a satisfactory manner. Miss Huddart, in *Lady Macbeth*, displayed high merits, as well as some faults: Miss Phillips was an interesting *Mrs. Haller*.

Mr. Webster, the meritorious comedian of this theatre, has been trying his hand at a farce. His production, entitled *Highways and Byways*, is not founded, as our readers might imagine, upon Mr. Colley Grattan's work "of that ilk;" but on two vaudevilles, by Scribe, — *Mons. Rigaud*, and *Partie et Revanche*. The plot, which is of the slenderest description, bears but little affinity to the title. A young lady, light Miss Gordon, is to marry a certain Mr. Stapleton, whom (of course) she has never seen, but who, she learns, is about to visit her *incog*, in order to reconnoitre his intended. Now it happens, that a certain Mr. Narcissus Stubble, a traveller in the straw line, with a taste for mystery and adventure, arrives in the neighbourhood, and, thanks to a pair of mustaches and a ditto of shepherd's plaid pantaloons, is mistaken for the aforesaid Mr. Stapleton, and is consequently feasted and flattered till the arrival of the real Simon Pure (who is overturned at the door, in company with a

lady fellow-passenger, the betrothed bride of Narcissus) puts the man of straw in the awkward predicament expected from the beginning. To escape horsewhipping, he is content to look like an ass, pocket his mustaches as well as the affront, and beg pardon of every body, including the audience. We need scarcely say that Liston enacted Narcissus, or that he made us laugh as much as he could in the character. Miss S. Phillips played *Miss Gordon* very agreeably, and sang better than we had ever heard her. This lady is improving as an actress; and could she but be certain of her intonation, with her pleasing person and manners, we would not desire a better representative of light musical characters like the present. Mrs. Orger, Mrs. C. Jones, and Mr. Cooper, had but little to do; and there were some coarse lines put into the mouth of the former lady, which drew down the reprehension of the audience. Some opposition was manifested at the fall of the curtain; but the eyes had it by a large majority.

COVENT GARDEN.

At this theatre, on Thursday, *St. Patrick's Day* was revived; but the *doubles* in that, being sanctioned by antiquity and the name of Sheridan, were vehemently applauded. So inconsistent is popular judgment!

ADELPHI.

WE ought ere now to have mentioned the Wednesday and Friday evening entertainments at this theatre during Lent. They are extremely clever; and worthy of the *lay* nights. Mr. Williams is not only one of the most amusing conjurors we ever saw, but one of the best imitators of comic singers. His entire *mélange* is excellent; the songs of "the last Lord Mayor's Day," and "the Loves of the Rose and Lilly," especially so. The theatre is so neatly arranged that it is like sitting in a drawing-room to witness the feats, and laugh at the whims.

PROJECTED NEW THEATRE.—We have just seen the plan of a new theatre, called the Royal Sussex Theatre; and to be erected at Knightsbridge, in the midst of that populous and rapidly improving neighbourhood. The projectors are, Messrs. Ward, Egerton, and Abbott; so that there is also a good foundation of dramatic ability. Nine thousand pounds is the estimated amount of the expenditure, of which sum it is proposed to raise six thousand by bonds of one hundred pounds each, at a stated interest, and with certain privileges. We hear that several noble and influential persons have adopted the scheme; and we certainly wish it every success.

PANORAMA OF HOBART TOWN.

WE were yesterday gratified with a private view of this small but very picturesque and interesting panorama, which Mr. Burford has just painted for exhibition. The scenery is various, beautiful, and very finely executed. But perhaps the principal attraction to the public will be in the spectacle of some of "the Swell Mob," of whom we heard so much last week on the way to the Queen's drawing-room, in the very different appearance they cut in Van Diemen's Land. Here the gentry have no hats to knock off, no watches to take, no purses to pillage, no wipes to filch. They are in a state of ragged and squalid coercion, with plenty of room for every thing except to commit depredations or run away. We think the panorama ought to be opened gratuitously,

or at the public cost, one day in the week; as a moral lesson to "the Swell Mob." There are also groups of natives and other groups, which animate the picture—the whole well deserving of popular favour.

VARIETIES.

Earthquakes.—An earthquake occurred at Canton on the 16th of September, a phenomenon very rare in that part of the world. The shocks lasted six or seven seconds, and the oscillations were north and south. On the 24th of June, however, a most destructive earthquake is described to have taken place in Tayming, a country north of Houan province, in lat. 36°, by which twelve cities and towns, and an immense multitude of people, were destroyed.

Necrology.—M. Robert Lefebvre, the French painter, died at Paris in September last. His *Psyche*, *Phocion*, and *Heloise*, and his various Scriptural pieces, had procured for him considerable reputation. No one surpassed M. Lefebvre, in France, in portrait, as his pictures of Carlo Vernet, de Grétry, de Guérin, de Berlin, de Vigée, Napoleon, Josephine, Pauline Borghese, the Duc de Berry, &c. sufficiently testify. Fine colour, graceful composition, perfect execution, and harmony of effect, were the characteristics of his pencil. Just before his death, he made his physician sit to him, and with a trembling hand endeavoured to discharge the debt of friendship. M. Lefebvre was a native of Bayeux.

History of the Morea.—M. Fallmerayer has published at Stuttgart a History of the Peninsula of the Morea, full of merit. On two epochs, especially, great light has been thrown by his researches. The first is that of the invasion by the Slavonians, the second that of the conquest by the French chevaliers. It is no longer possible to disbelieve, that in the year 589, the Avars, of the Slavonic race, spread themselves over the whole of the Peloponnesus, and soon expelled the population. The fugitives passed over to the islands, by which M. Fallmerayer explains their maritime power. The other event occurred when the ruins of the Byzantine empire were still smoking. Leon Sguros wished to reign over Greece; he was the archon of Nauplion; he was perfidious and cruel: he had already seized Argos, plundered Corinth, and besieged Athens; when he was beaten near Thermopylae by Boniface, the Count of Macedonia; and thrown back upon the Acropolis of Corinth. Then appeared near Patras the Count de Champlitte and his chevaliers. Scarcely had that town fallen into their hands, when they hurried to Corinth; and in company with Boniface and Ville-Hardouin, engaged in the expedition to Argos. Before Boniface left them, he invested Champlitte with the suzerainty of Athens and Eubœa.

Buonaparte.—The first authentic traces of Buonaparte's political doctrines are to be found in a pamphlet published by him in 1790, when he was twenty-one years of age. It is a letter to one of his countrymen, a deputy from the noblesse of Corsica to the constituent assembly, the conduct of which he blames. The following is a remarkable passage. "M. Paoli fancied himself a Solon, but he badly copied his original. He placed every thing in the hands of the people and their representatives, so that there was no existing but by pleasing them. Strange error! which submits to a brute, to a mercenary, the man who by his education, the lustre of his birth, his fortune, is alone made to

govern! In the end, so palpable a perversion of reason cannot fail to cause the ruin and the dissolution of the body politic, after having tormented it with every kind of evils."—*Revue Encyclopédique*.

Ple et Ploc.—Under this strange title, M. Sue, a French writer, has just published a volume in emulation of the naval tales of Cooper. It contains two stories, both of pirates. The first, after a series of extraordinary adventures, is taken and executed at Cadiz; but his death is revenged by a comrade, who contrives to import the yellow fever into Cadiz from Tangiers! The second obtains possession of a slave-ship, by throwing his captain out of the cabin-window, turns bucanier, leads a life of pillage and violence, and then retires with a large fortune to his native town, where he conducts himself respectably, goes regularly to church, and on dying bequeaths a part of his wealth to the priest who is charged with the posthumous care of his soul! The French critics say that the work is too purely descriptive, and that it is deficient in character.

Religion Saint Simonienne.—Some of the French papers, especially *Le Globe*, are full of the rhapsodies of the professors of this new religion; which, it seems, is speedily to put down all other religions, and to establish a universal and harmonious union over the face of the whole earth! Among other desirable objects which it is to accomplish, are "classification according to capacity, and retribution according to works." At Brussels, the Catholic priests have succeeded, for a time at least, in preventing the missionaries of the Religion Saint Simonienne from having an opportunity of publicly proclaiming their doctrines.

Ancient Greece.—An able tract has been published at Berlin, from the pen of M. Schnitzler, on the colonisation of ancient Greece, a fragment of Schell's History of Greek Literature. M. Schnitzler examines three propositions.—Did Cecrops come, about the year 1580 before Christ, from Sais into Attica? Did he there found Athens, and the worship of Minerva? Did Danaüs of Chemmis, in Upper Egypt, come and found Argos about the year 1500 before our era?—and he decides in the negative with respect to them all.

Medal of the Geographical Society of Paris to Mrs. Laing.—The medal which had been voted by the Geographical Society of Paris to the widow of the late Major Laing has been returned by Mr. Warrington, our consul at Tripoli, in consequence of the death of that lady. The Society has determined that it shall be transmitted to the heirs of the unfortunate traveller.

Parasitic Beetle.—At the meeting of German naturalists at Hamburg, Dr. Sundewald, of Lund, described a parasitic beetle, found in the body of the *Blatta Germanica*. Von Winthorn, of Hamburg, confirmed this observation, by exhibiting the occurrence of the larvæ of the *Tachina pecta* in the bodies of the *Carabus gemmatus* and *violaceus*. At the same meeting, in the sixth sitting, Dr. Von Nordmann made known his observations on worms in the eyes of fish; to which Professor Gurte, of Berlin, added his observations on worms found in the eyes of horses.

Change of Colour in the Plumage of Birds from Fear.—The following facts are related by Mr. Young, in the *Edinburgh Geographical Journal*. A blackbird had been surprised in a cage by a cat. When it was relieved, it was found lying on its back, and quite wet with sweat. Its feathers fell off and were renewed, but the new ones were perfectly white.—A gray

linnet happened to raise its feathers at a man who was drunk: he instantly tore the creature from its cage, and plucked off all its feathers. The poor animal survived the accident (the outrage, we would rather say), and had its feathers replaced, but they were also white.

The Origin of the Asiatic Negroes.—The Geographical Society of Paris has offered a new prize for the best memoir on the origin of the Asiatic negroes.—a question which, they say, belongs peculiarly to the present masters of India to solve, as they are in a situation favourable for the investigation, and for the collection of documents which can throw light on a subject of that nature.

Conundrum.—Who are the most disinterestedly good? D'ye give it up? The good for nothing!

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XII. March 10.]

New Magazine.—We see, from an advertisement in our Gazette of to-day, that a new magazine, to be called the *Metropolitan*, is about to start, under the editorship of Mr. Campbell and Mr. Redding, so long the conductors of the *New Monthly*. They have experience and abilities; so we look forward with hope to our new contemporary.

French Poetry for Children, selected, with English Notes, by L. T. Ventouillat—Gébir, Count Julian, and other Poems, by Walter Savage Landor, Esq.—*Tales from the German of Tieck: Old Man of the Mountain, the Lovecharm, and Pietro of Abano*.—Atherton, a Novel, by the Author of "Rank and Talent."—Rustum Khan, or Fourteen Nights' Entertainment at the Royal Gardens at Ahmedabad, by a Gentleman who has resided several years in that part of India.—A Compendium of Ancient and Modern Geography, with Illustrations of the most interesting points in History, Poetry, and Fable, compiled by Mr. Arrowsmith, for the use of Eton School.—A Second Series of Tales of a Physician, by W. H. Harrison.—The Canon of the Old and New Testaments ascertained; or, the Bible complete without the Apocrypha and unwritten Traditions, by Archibald Alexander, D.D., New Jersey, with Introductory Remarks by John Morison, D.D.—Essays, adapted to the understandings of Young Persons, on the Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion, the Immortality of the Soul, &c., by Mr. R. Ainslie.—Omnipotence, a Poem, by R. Jarman.—Richard Baynes's General Catalogue of Books in all Languages and Classes of Literature, consisting of above 9,000 Articles.—Philip Augustus, an Historical Romance, by the Author of "Richelieu," "Darnley," &c.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Greene's Dramatic Works, 2 vols. crown 8vo. 11s. 6d. bds.—Pantieri's Bojardo e Ariosto, Vols. III. and IV. crown 8vo. 12s. each.—Benedetti's Albanians, and Miscellaneous Poems, crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Exton's Introduction to the Study of Anatomy, 8vo. 11s. 6d. bds.—The Premier, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d. bds.—Chitty's Burn's Justice, 6 vols. 8vo. 6s. 5s.; law calf, 5s. 18s.—Society, or Spring in Town, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d.—Epps's Life of Dr. J. Walker, 8vo. 12s. 6d. bds.—Sellers's Bride, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Hamilton's English School of Painting, Vol. I. 12mo. 18s. 12s. 6d.—Bird's Framlingham, a Narrative of the Castle, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Letters to a Mother, fcp. 3s. 6d. bds.—Wedded Life in the Upper Ranks, 2 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d.—Keppel's Narrative of a Journey across the Balkan, with Maps, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 11s. 6d. bds.—Fiesta Privata, chiefly from the Writings of Hannah More, 2s.; morocco, 3s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

Month.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 10	From 25. to 47.	29.83 to 29.60
Friday ... 11	25. to 51.	29.70 to 29.60
Saturday ... 12	30. to 56.	29.66 to 29.43
Sunday ... 13	36. to 47.	29.56 to 29.41
Monday ... 14	34. to 48.	29.56 to 29.66
Tuesday ... 15	35. to 50.	29.71 to 29.46
Wednesday 16	40. to 57.	29.55 to 29.73

Wind variable, S.W. prevailing. Except the 10th, generally overcast, with frequent rain. Rain fallen, .925 of an inch. The spots at present on the solar disc are well worthy of a telescopic observation.

Edmonton. Latitude ... 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude ... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. B.'s inquiry in our last has brought us many answers, which shall be noticed in our next. We have no knowledge or recollection of the Pleasures of Benevolence!!! P. N.'s contribution did not fall within our line of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.

The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists is Open Daily, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

NATIONAL REPOSITORY GALLERY

of the Royal Mews, Charing Cross.

Patron, THE KING.

Notice.—Manufacturers, Patentes, Artists, and others, who purpose sending Specimens of New Inventions or Improved Productions for the ensuing annual Exhibition of the National Repository, are requested to forward them without delay, the Committee of Inspection being desirous of completing the Classification of the Catalogue.

T. S. TULL, Secretary.

March 19, 1831.

WESTERN LITERARY and SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, 47, Leicester Square.

Patron, THE KING.

The following Lectures are in course of delivery.—Mr. Smart on the Drama.—Mr. Newton on Heraldry.—Mr. Hume on Chemistry.—Mr. Wigan on Elocution.—Mr. Buckingham on Arabic. Members have the use of an extensive Library of circulation and reference, a Reading-room supplied with Newspapers and Periodicals, and Rooms for Conversation and Chess.

Classes are established for Languages, Sciences, Music, and for Discussion of Literary and Scientific Subjects; and Concerts are occasionally given.

Subscription 3s. 2s. per annum, payable Half-yearly; admission 10s. 6d.; Life Members 50s.; Lady's Ticket 10s. annually, or 10s. Half-yearly.

By Order, THOMAS SUTCLIFF, Sec.

HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.—On

Tuesday Morning the 23d inst. will be given a Concert of Sacred Music for the Benefit of the Unemployed Poor in that Metropolis, by providing for them Allocations of Land. Several eminent Performers have offered their gratuitous assistance; and the following Ladies have benevolently promised their patronage to support this attempt at relief.—

The Duchesses of Bedford, the Countess of Hardwicke, the Countess of Caistor, the Countess of Delaware, the Countess of Cawdor, the Countess of Denbigh, the Countess of Chichester, the Countess Howe, the Countess of Verulam, the Lady Suffolk, the Lady Charlotte Lindsay, the Lady Ann Lindsay, the Lady Ann Wilbraham.

Tickets 10s. 6d. to be had at Cramer's, 201, Regent Street; Lonsdale's (late Birchall's), Bond Street; Clement's, Chancery, and at Rivington's, St. Paul's Churchyard and Waterloo Place.

The Concert will commence precisely at One o'clock.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION,

by Mr. HODGSON, at his Great Room, 109, Fleet Street, on Tuesday, March 29d, and Four following Days, at Half-past Twelve o'clock precisely.—Spanish, Italian, German, and French Books, Classics, Divinity, History, Botany, Heraldry, Dictionaries and Lexicons, Antiquities, Biography, and Miscellaneous English Literature, illuminated Missals on Vellum, Books printed by the Roxburgh and Bannockburn Clubs—including the Stock of a Bookseller (by Order of the Trustees) to which is added, the Library of a Gentleman, deceased—among which are—

Folio—Grellat's Salengre Thesaurus Antiquitatum Romanarum, 15 vols.—Doornik's Book, 3 vols.—Calvin's Opera, 9 vols.—Bibliotheca Patrum Polonorum, 4 vols.—Fol. Synopsi Critice, 5 vols.—Pittet's Lexicon, 3 vols.—Theriac's Illustrations of Botany, 5 vols.—Nisbet's Heraldry, 2 vols.—Cyrilli Opera, 7 vols.—Murphy's Balaia—Charnock's Works, 2 vols.—Hasted's History of Kent, 4 vols.—Dugdale's St. Paul's—Baker's History of the Bible—Hieronimi Opera, 6 vols.—Bischoff's Fall of France, Fynson, 1527.

Quarto—Johnson's Dictionary, by Todd, 4 vols.—Spalding's Troubles in Scotland, 3 vols.—Lucianus, Remasterhull, 4 vols.—Italian, French, and German Dictionaries—Curious Tracts, by Danton and others.

Octavo, 4s.—Œuvres de Voltaire, 65 vols. Plates by Moreau—Quarterly, Edinburgh, and Retrospective Reviews—La Harpe, Cours de Littérature, 14 vols.—Pine's Horace and Virgil—Lodge's Portraits—Népotre Général du Théâtre Français, &c. 518 vols.—Œuvres de Rousseau, 25 vols.—Ned Ward's Works, 10 vols.—Tiraboschi Opera, 50 vols.—Vasari Vite de' più Pittori, Scultori, e Architetti, 16 vols., &c. &c.

The whole in good preservation, and many neatly bound in calf, &c. To be viewed and Catalogued had.

New Publications by R. Ackermann, 56, Strand.

THE TIGHT SHOE, painted by Henry

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